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what makes her run

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VOGUE IS PUBLISHED BY
THE CONDÉ NAST PUBLICATIONS INC.

420 Lexington Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017

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AVEDON

COVER: In the news of the short dress for evening, a shirty little pink satin-crêpe wrap from Mollie Parnis Boutique. Of Celanese acetate and Enka rayon (Onondaga fabric); about \$165. Saks Fifth Avenue; B. Forman; Halle's-Cleveland; Jacobson's; L. S. Ayres; Sakowitz. Necklace by Michael Moraux for Dubaux at Saks Fifth Avenue. . . . Colors for the face at night are warmer, clearer, keyed to what you're wearing. Here, Helena Rubinstein's Crystal Clear Glowstick in Amber colors the cheeks; Whirl of Pink Brush-On Lip-creme for the mouth. Suga coif.

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VOGUE (INCORPORATING VANITY FAIR) IS PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY, EXCEPT FOR THE MONTHS OF MAY, JUNE, JULY, AND DECEMBER, WHEN IT IS PUBLISHED MONTHLY. SECOND CLASS POSTAGE PAID, AT NEW YORK, N.Y., AND AT ADDITIONAL MAILING OFFICES. SUBSCRIPTIONS: IN U. S. AND POSSESSIONS, \$10 FOR ONE YEAR, \$17 FOR TWO YEARS, \$22 FOR THREE YEARS. IN CANADA, \$11 FOR ONE YEAR, \$19 FOR TWO YEARS, \$25 FOR THREE YEARS. ELSEWHERE, \$15 FOR ONE YEAR, PAYABLE IN ADVANCE. SINGLE COPIES IN U. S. AND CANADA, 75c. FOR SUBSCRIPTIONS, ADDRESS CHANGES, AND ADJUSTMENTS, WRITE TO VOGUE, BOX 5201, BOULDER, COLORADO 80302. SIX WEEKS ARE REQUIRED FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS. PLEASE GIVE BOTH NEW AND OLD ADDRESS AS PRINTED ON LAST LABEL.

Postmaster: Send Form 3579 to Vogue, Box 5201, Boulder, Colorado 80302

Vol. 160, No. 5, Whole No. 3085

Wash'n Wear

LASHES WITHOUT A CARE

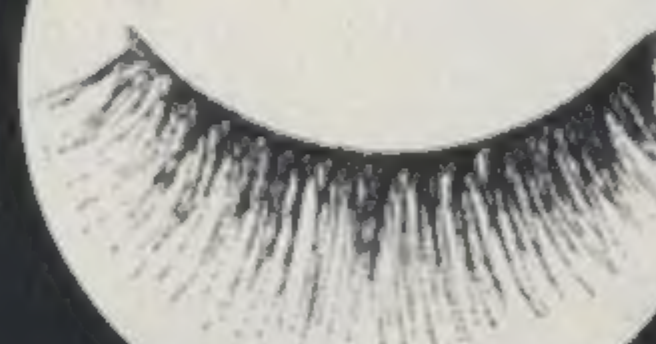


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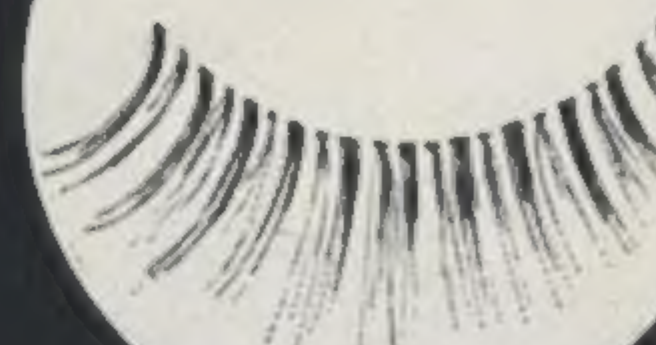
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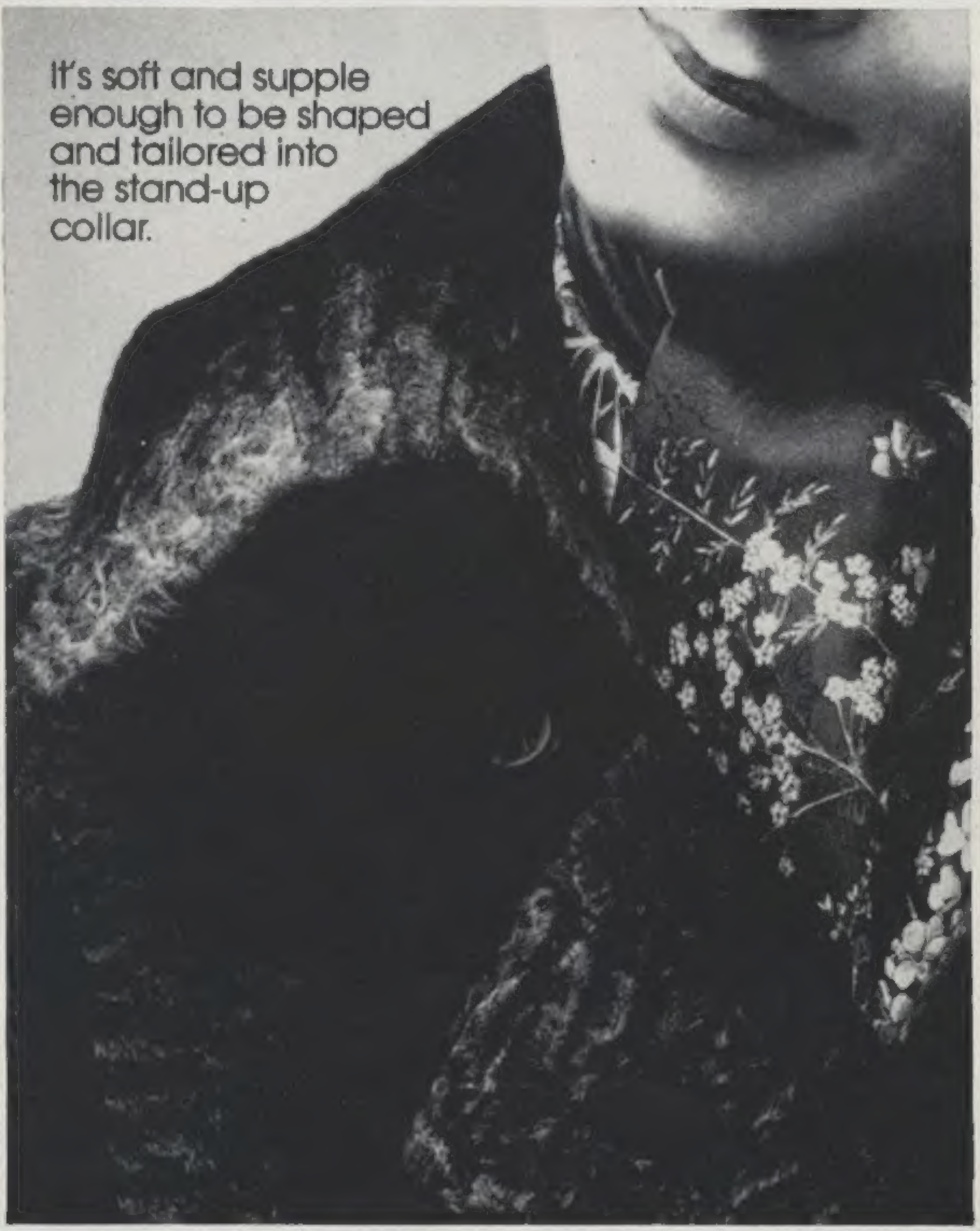
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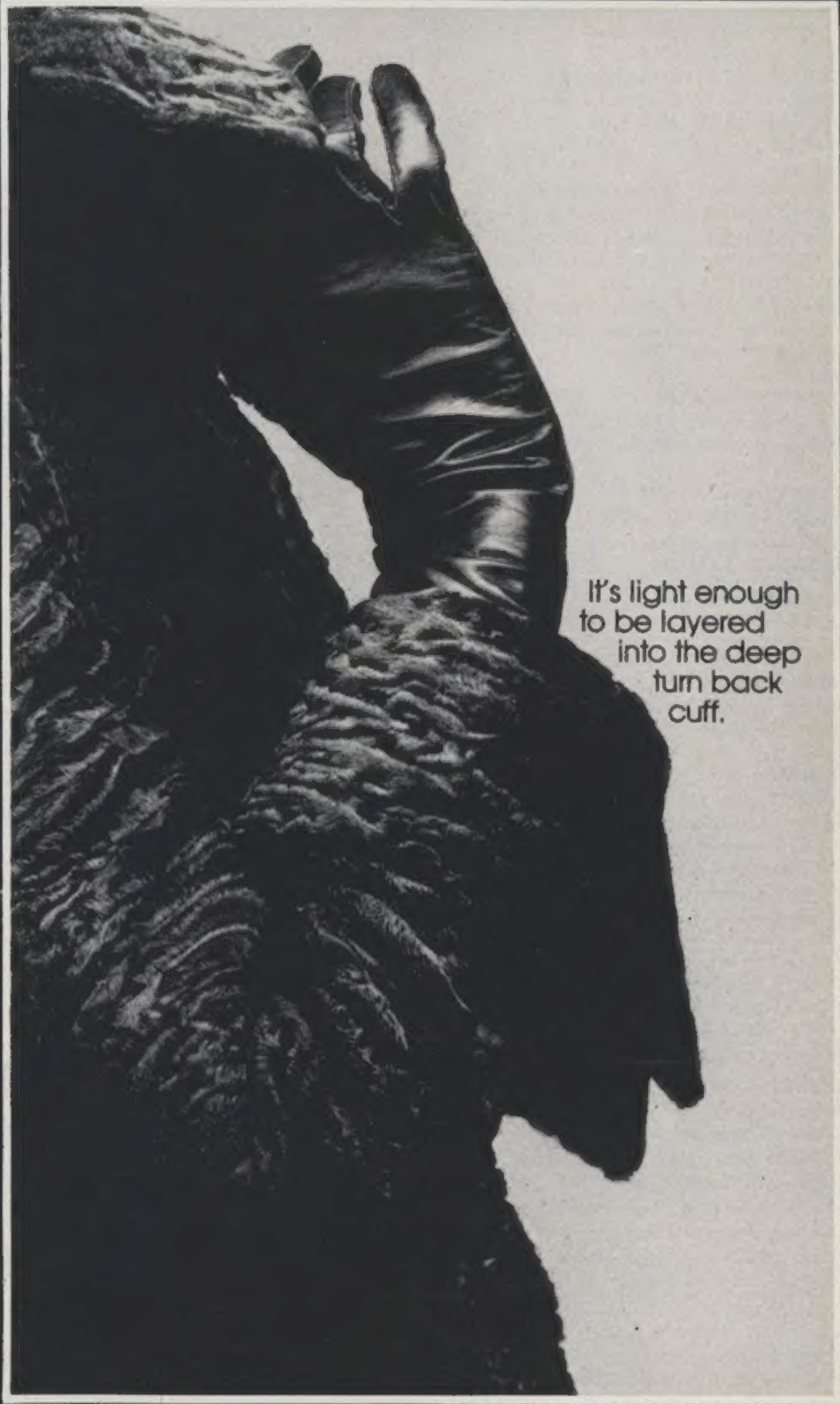
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V O G U E

BOOKS

WARMERS AND FOOLERS

By Allene Talmey

VVVV **NOBODY'S BUSINESS**, by Penelope Gilliatt (Viking Press, 185 pages, \$6.95). These nine short stories swing from good to better, with every few paragraphs a present from God of rich incidental knowledge, always in character. Without trying to write funny stuff, Penelope Gilliatt moves one to laughter and to stypctic recognition. Hers is true pitch.

V **THE STEPFORD WIVES**, by Ira Levin (Random House, 145 pages, \$4.95). This cutesy novel, peckish and somewhat pallid, about wives and housewives, has an amusing final gimmick; but, until then, it is slog, slog. Before publication, *Wives* waved in the money: Literary Guild Selection, Reader's Digest Condensed Books choice, sale to movies, serialization, big advertising budget. Note: Levin wrote *Rosemary's Baby*.

-V **MARRIAGES AND INFIDELITIES**, by Joyce Carol Oates (The Vanguard Press, 497 pages, \$7.95). Twenty-four windy short stories that seem to have been written while wait-

ing to do a novel, a book of poetry, a volume of critical studies, a volume of essays. Joyce Carol Oates may well be competing in some undisclosed literary decathlon.

V **FAMILY MATTERS**, by Lawrence H. Fuchs (Random House, 252 pages, \$6.95). Professor Fuchs is not afraid of giving small answers to enormous questions. He goes into what is human about human families with a side trip, again, to hominoids (the great apes and early man). Although parts of this book are worth argument, parts remain litter.

VVV **HERSELF**, by Hortense Calisher (Arbor House, 401 pages, \$10). In this somewhat secretive autobiography, Calisher has told few facts but a cascade of her feelings about the 1930's in New York City, her writings, her teaching career, her apparent hostility to herself as though she had caught herself cheating. Her overflowing life has included husband, children, lover. At the end she says: "Yes, my book is my blood." No chicanery. Good.

Vogue's ratings: **VVVV** = the best of all books



PENELOPE GILLIATT

"I am crackers about writing short stories.

Technique interests me," said Penelope Gilliatt. Next spring, Viking Press will publish her book *Unholy Fools*; and her latest movie script (she wrote *Sunday Bloody Sunday*)

has been in the dicker stage. For six months of the year, this captivating red-haired woman, lightly boned like a quail, lives in New York, reviewing movies for *The New Yorker*. The rest of the year she travels or stays at her London house. She likes to edit her work close to the bone but to leave in cushy fat for flavor. Her daughter, Nolan Osborne, just after her recent seventh birthday, said she was "nearly eight": a sagacious planner, like her mother.



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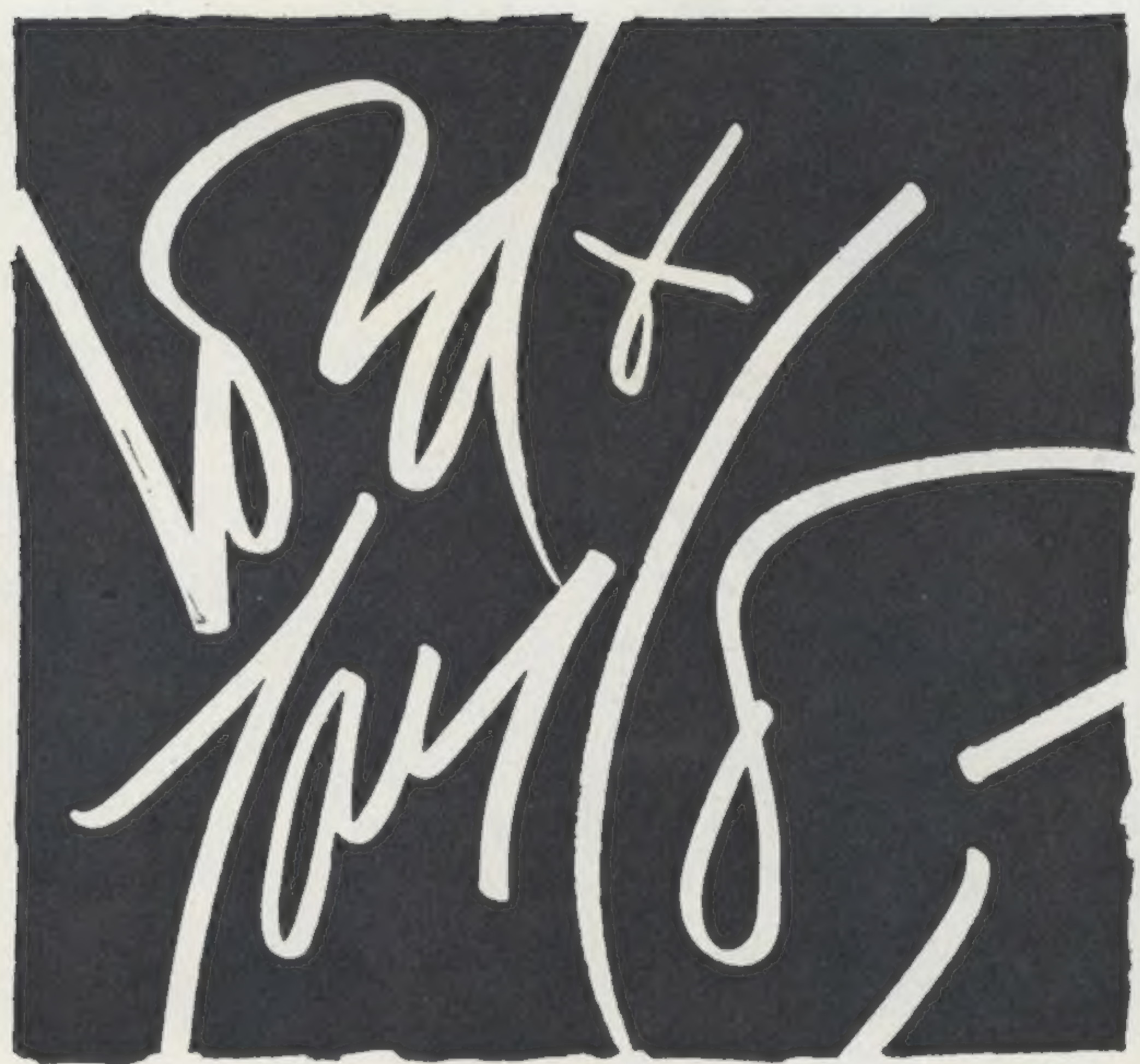
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Joseph Horne
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Pennsylvania



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VOGUE BEAUTY Checkout

Cosmetic surgery: a new approach

The time has come when you may be able to walk into the hospital in the morning, have your eyes done, and probably be home in your own bed that evening. Of course, you will not be fully recovered, but you will be recuperating at home rather than in the hospital—a psychological advantage, as well as a monetary one. It also means that better use of hospital beds can be made, reserving them for those patients undergoing more major surgery and for whom complications are more apt to arise. This program, a fascinating new straw in the wind, is called ambulatory cosmetic surgery and is currently in practice at Albert Einstein College of Medicine in New York. It was started just over a year ago by the chief of plastic surgery there, Dr. Daniel L. Weiner. He and his colleagues felt that selected operations for selected patients could be better handled on a walk-in, walk-out basis than by hospitalization. The cosmetic operations run from modified face-lifts and eyelid plastics to ear flattening and breast augmentation. Patients are told beforehand what to eat or not to eat the night before surgery, are given a relaxant, then local anesthesia. The operation takes place in the hospital operating room and, after surgery, the patient waits in the recovery room until she is judged ready to leave for home. One young woman with children was able to go into the hospital for breast augmentation in the morning, be home with her children that evening without having to leave them overnight with a sitter. Office cosmetic surgery has been, and is being, done. The obvious advantage, however, of doing the procedure in a hospital is that it permits more extensive surgery as well as a greater margin of safety for the patient and superior working conditions for the surgeon. An ambulatory surgical trend is developing across the country, and this type of cosmetic surgery is, or will be, available at many centers. To find out if you are a candidate for this type of approach, check with your own physician who can refer you to an accredited plastic surgeon.

A two-week beauty plan

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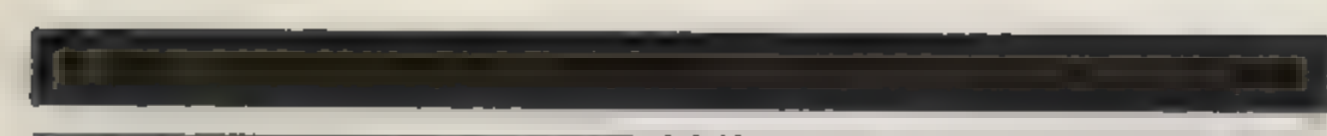
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VERY *Saks Fifth Avenue*



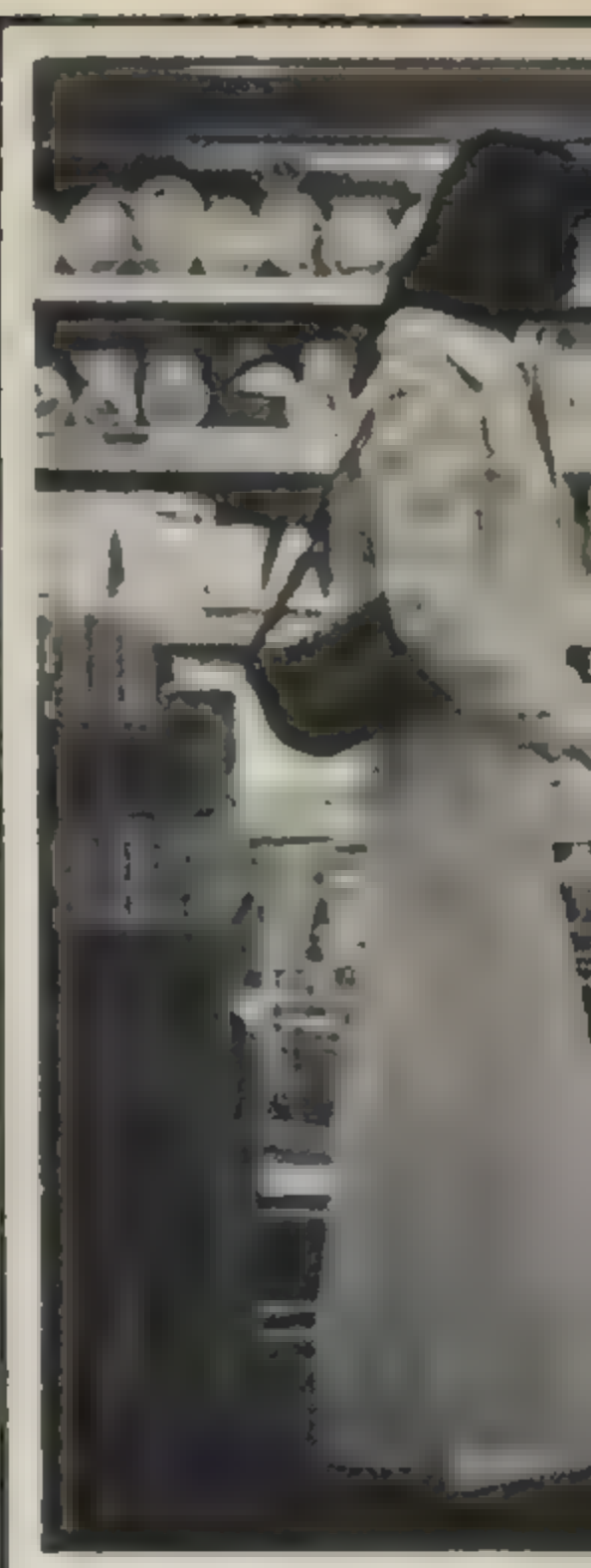
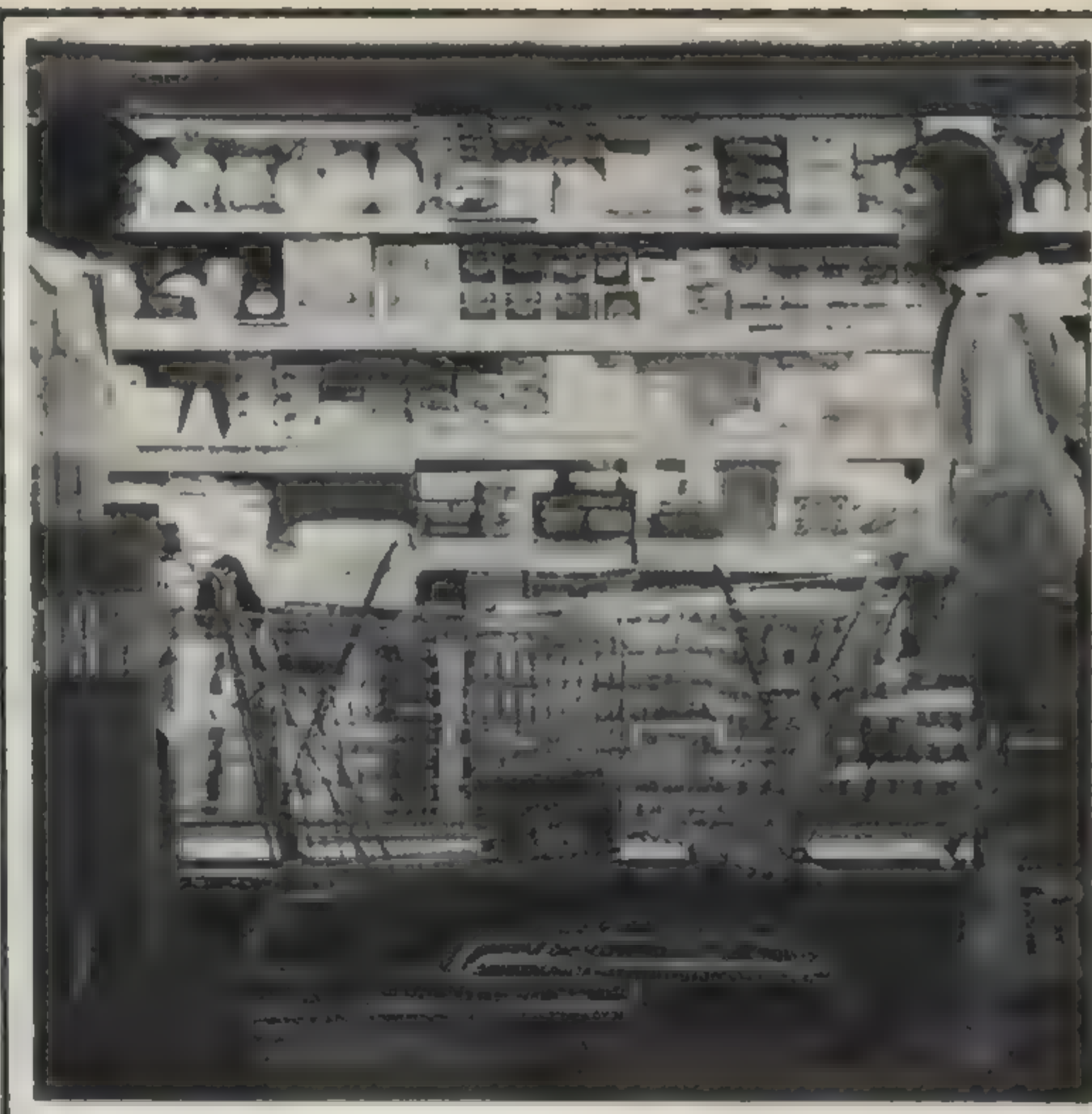
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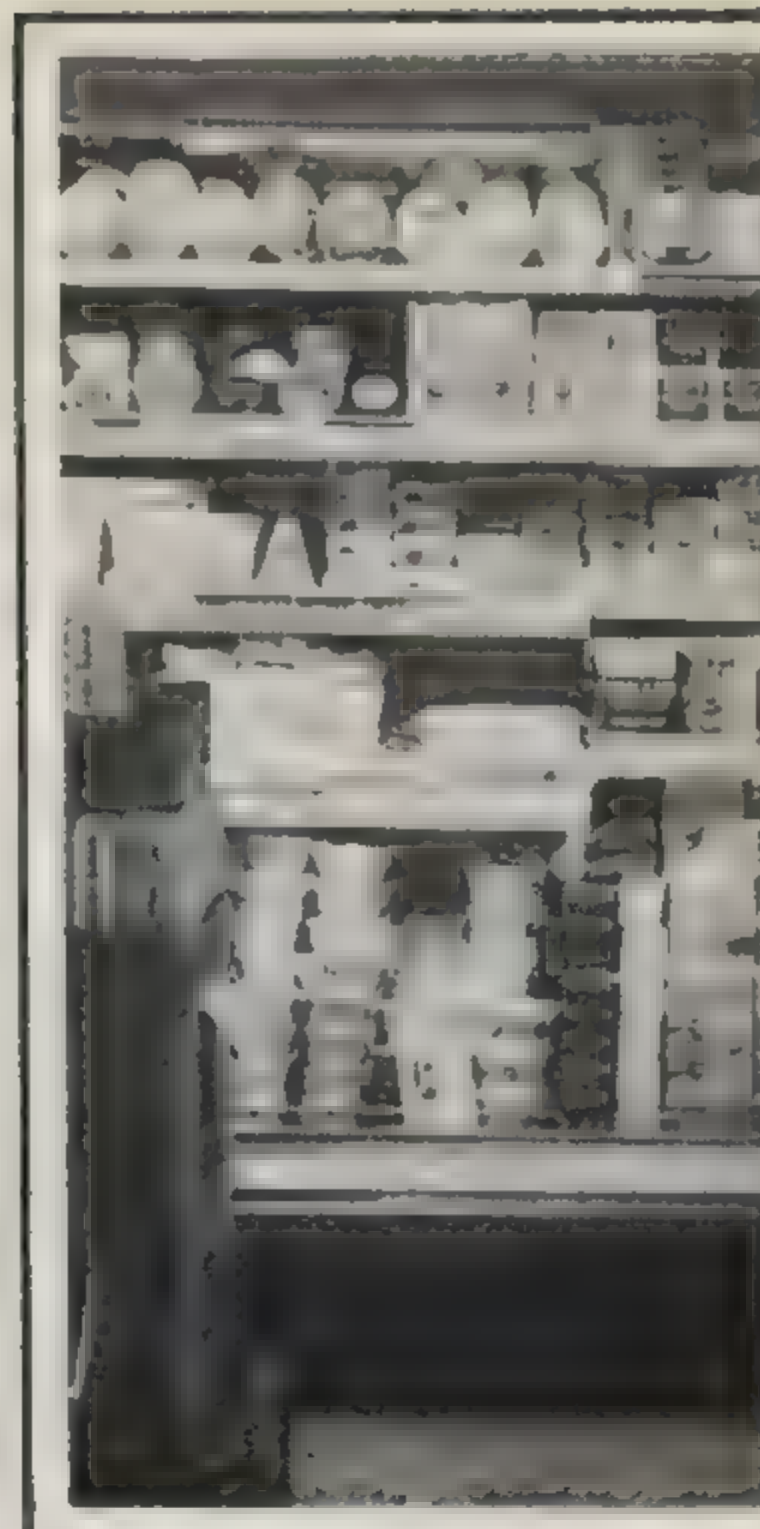
Flight of fancy. Bright pink and tightly curled, the jacket to take off in is airweight polyester fleece, a lighthearted fabric by Borg® Textiles. Complete with pants, dicky, pullover, \$155. Sportsuit Collections.

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Activist's itinerary. She cotton
canvases the jacket situation
in yellow. Inside, there's a zip-out
lining of soft polyester fleece, a
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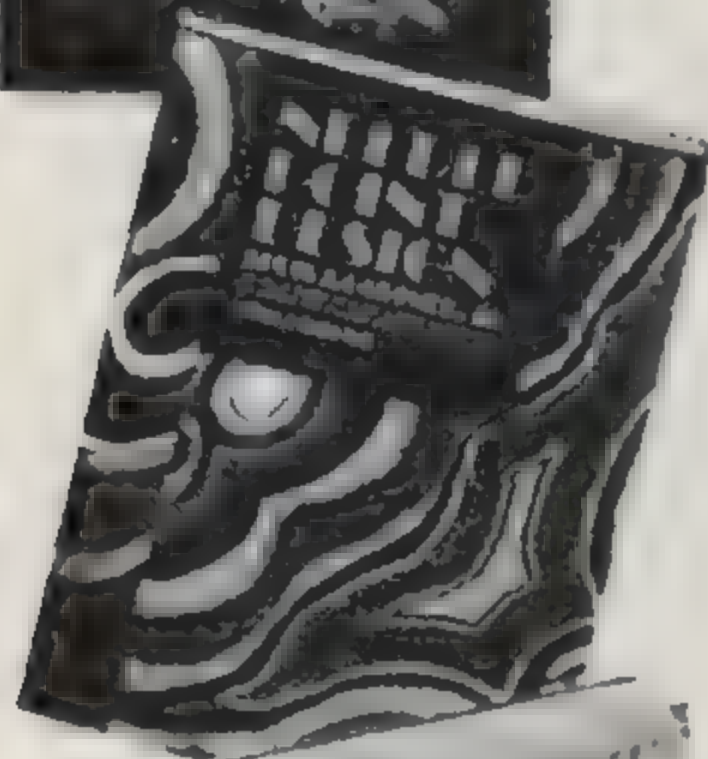
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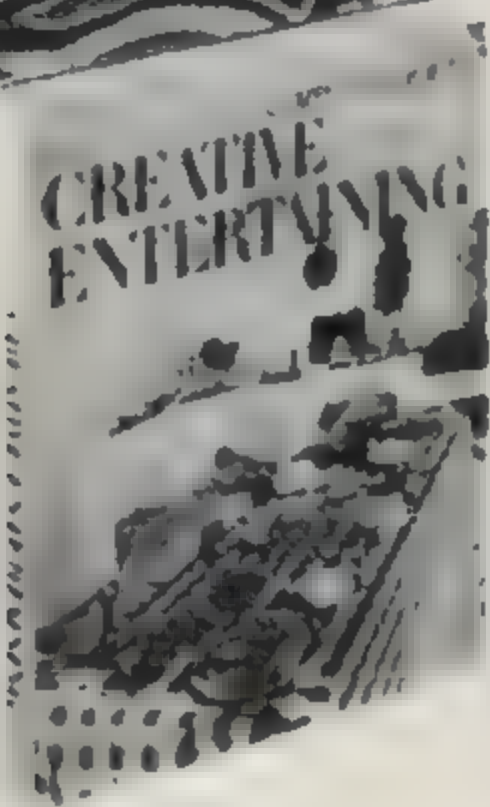
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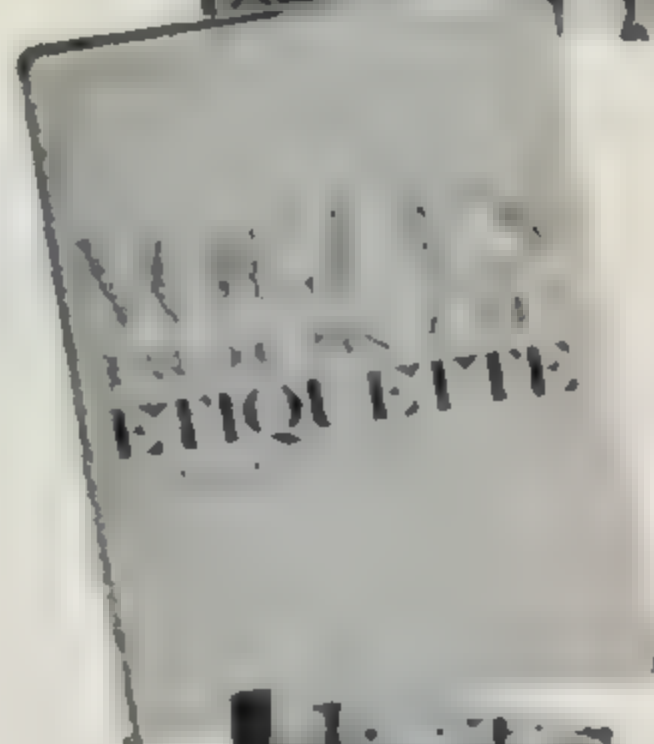
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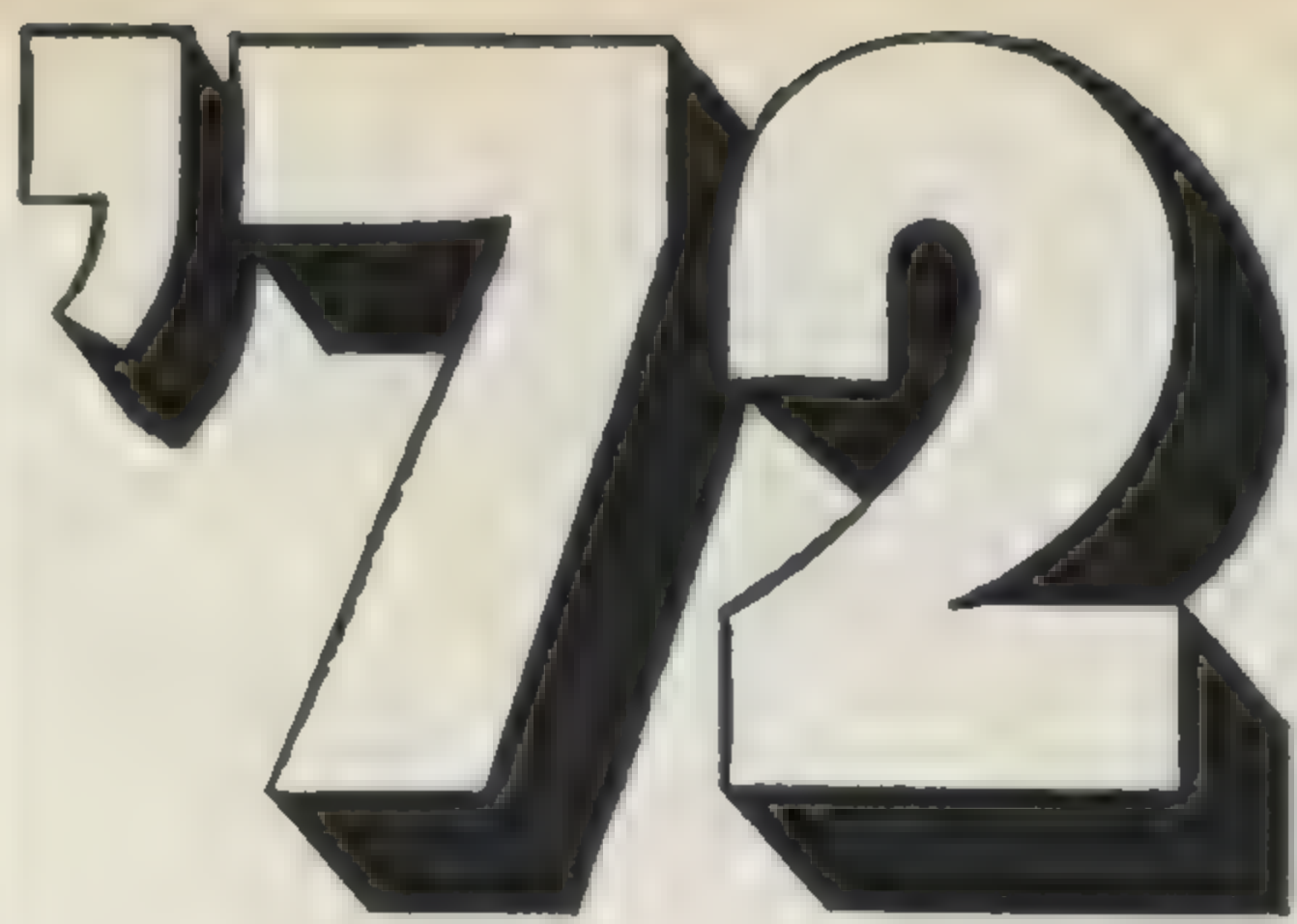
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ONE WOMAN'S VOTE

*Politics' crucial person: the undecided voter—
"how to imagine him, how to clothe his mind?"*

Part 3 in a series

BY ELIZABETH HARDWICK

Candidates—they are not made of eloquent words. Not in the Presidential race this time. H. L. Mencken said about President Harding that he was inaugurated at noon and began running for reelection at 12:20 P.M. Thus, in most of our political life, the officeholder is usually in some near or remote way also an office seeker. And the first thing an office seeker learns is how *not* to say things.

This would appear to be difficult for one whose duty as a candidate is to speak, to make addresses; to be interviewed, debated, questioned, quoted, and followed everywhere by impertinent, pushy microphones and cameras. In fact, a special evasiveness comes easy; it is the very craft of politics. A highly wrought, protective caution in so far as words are concerned makes a good many of the grand speeches of candidates sound alike. Candor is poisonous; general statements soothe and nourish. Survival requires that one avoid too great a consideration for details, too generous a concreteness. All of that will come later, the candidates seem to be telling us. The words are a sort of resonance, an amplification that covers the tune.

How could it be otherwise? The speed of sound, words traveling with reckless force around the world, too many people listening—these gross, enlarged conditions have changed

the shape of political utterance. It is foolhardy to be eloquent when you are alone on the stage of the universe, unprotected, breathing on the multitudinous auditors. Words are not beads and shells to be casually exchanged. Instead they are bullets, ready to backfire into your own flesh. Particulars alienate. The listeners are divided into an infinity of groups, each with its own crosses. The burdened are quick to take offense. No, the road to victory or defeat leaves no time to spell it out. If you win, your actions will speak. If you lose, your thoughts remain below, fixed on the next race. The eternal candidate, especially when his goal is for the highest office, faces each moment with an air of shaky probity and nervous deliberation. This mood represents a sensible worry that doom lies in the explosions of language.

President Nixon and Senator McGovern wander among the thorns of national discontent and do not bleed at the same points. They have different ideas of need, possibility, and the public good. Certain principles and issues are identified with each side. Personal history, temperament, constituency somehow come together in the persons of the candidate. Where the moment can be seen in capitalized abstractions—Peace, Prosperity, Law and Order—there is no large disagreement and we are simply conscious of a sort of interdenominational amplified sound. At certain points, because of the unanimity of hope, more is asked. If all want peace and live in a time of war, it will be the *means* to peace the candidate is forced to reveal. He cannot escape all forthrightness, only most of it.

Thus, the great, the ultimate candidates share a fear of language. Subalterns, running mates, those who run clasping the hand of certain defeat, seeking instead a far-off or peripheral advantage—these candidates may speak, if they have a gift for it. Vice-President Agnew has created a demand for his rhetoric. He wears it like a suit or a haircut, a choice of styles. But as Governor Wallace becomes, politically, more respectable, his feisty accents are chastened, "pointy heads" on bicycles disappear, leaving the bare recital of his seven points.

Faith and a mystical union of voter and candidate are the substance of things hoped for. Issues cling

to the faith, like barnacles to the suitable rock. The issues are real, part of the wordless essence. In elections we seek those most like ourselves. And just as the candidates try to avoid the jungle of solutions, many voters find it hard to give coherent arguments for their candidates and like only to be in the sunlight of agreement. In the end we are speaking of ourselves.

What does the country want? What does it consider honest and honorable? What can the people believe, trust, imagine? When there is confusion and uncertainty, where there is inchoate discontent, a candidate lives in an anxious wondering, amidst hazards no poll or study or adviser can make quite real to him. His language, its lack of the tone of uniqueness, its bleached and standardized vocabulary are indications that the man soliciting the public is in conversation with a frightening blank mirror. There will be victory for someone; and, from the victory, actions the voter has never dreamed of will follow—and those he *has* dreamed of may never come into being. There is some connection, some contemporary moral in the speechlessness of such great and active powerfulness.

"The undecided voter"—how to imagine him, to clothe his mind? Politics is passion; and yet a certain number stand aside, wait—for what? Is this crucial person a demonic coquette or an unawakened political heart, slumbering in innocence? Perhaps the undecided voter never votes at all—it is himself in his political aspect he is waiting for. The hold that parties and large political and social conformations have on us is as much a part of us as the freckles on our hands. That is for most. Some groups and persons slowly change, feelings harden, rigidities soften, but most seem to shift from one desperate allegiance to another.

"Where would they go?" the political cynic asks himself. In this question the wavering candidate, the breathless office seeker finds escape. The faithful, the long-ago convinced, those who will not alter even when they alteration find: on these the system rests. Vote! We are commanded to vote, just as we are urged to love. Politics is, in a way, an act of celebration that blooms in a tragic scenery. The sacrificial lies at the heart of the mystic rose of our political life, hidden in the folds of the flower. Each election claims its victims. ▼

*Halston
for Martha*

Drawing by Sandra Leichman



Martha

Palm Beach New York Bal Harbour

VOGUELIVING

MAKE IT A GOOD LIFE

Try new ways to do your home work

BY MARY SCOTT WELCH

For a natural meal, liberate the flowers:

In Denmark, the natural look goes all the way to table setting: flowers begin as a small bouquet in a low bowl, with more fresh blooms scattered the length of the table. Flowers used this way won't need water, even if you strew them two or three hours ahead of time. Roses and daisies stand up particularly well; ivy provides a hardy foliage. Sanna Borge, the wife of the Danish pianist-comedian Victor Borge, said, "Sometimes there's no flower bowl at all, just an attractive object with a few loose blossoms laid beside it and a single flower tucked into each napkin."

When your money doesn't love you:

Unrequited love can be an investor's most crippling problem, according to Francis J. King, junior, of the investment firm Drexel Firestone Incorporated. Women, especially, seem to fall in love with their stocks, hang onto their down-sliding favorites, waiting for recovery instead of taking a loss and putting what's left to work elsewhere. "Think of securities as ten thousand inanimate objects that don't care about you at all," he advised. "And don't feel guilty or disloyal when it's obviously time to end the affair."

Future food: no two meals alike?

The family dinner—or any meal with the whole family eating the same food at the same time—is vanishing, as almost-extinct as the family breakfast. Our kitchens are turning into self-service food bars: research by one food company shows that the members of a typical American family now sit down to dinner together only three or four times a week and that by 1975 the average will be once or twice. Some American women are already struggling to provide fifty or more individual meals every week.

Bernard D. Kahn, whose business is developing new products, sees help coming, the kind of help that makes it possible for an airline stewardess to assemble, serve, and clear one hundred meals in an hour. "Within five years," Mr. Kahn predicts, "the supermarket will be as different from today's as today's shelves are different from those in the Mom-and-Pop stores of the '40's. Now, we have 8,500 items sorted under generic headings—'jams and jellies,' 'cereals,' and so forth. Then,

we'll have integrated sections where meal components are gathered together as 'breakfasts,' 'quick dinners,' 'special diets.' Products will be color-coded to help the shopper put them together as balanced meals. As early as 1973, we'll have ready-to-heat portioned meals available. And I mean good ones—sophisticated food, well-prepared and attractively presented."

Until then, it helps when cooking to think "portion" instead of "dinner" and to let your freezer back you up: you can freeze both raw and cooked foods in one-person quantities. Sauces and garnishes go in ice-cube trays, for use one or two cubes at a time. To freeze meat patties, chops, or chicken pieces separately, without wrapping each one, lay them out on a cookie sheet, not touching each other. Place the sheet on a freezing shelf until the meat is solid. Once the pieces are frozen, store them in big, protective bags. They won't stick together; you can take out a piece or two without thawing the whole bagful.


Now try this . . . Have your charge plates photocopied; file the copies to use in warning the issuers in case of loss. . . . When your commitment to recycling falters because you have to soak off the paper and scrub the insides of all those saved-up tin cans, put a whole load of them into your dishwasher. The cans will come clean enough, labels pull off in a flash. . . . Consider tipping in advance when the special help you want is for a one-time event—moving, for one notable example. On a New York move, each man in the crew hopes for \$3-\$4. Make it \$5, with a bit extra for the head man (usually the driver), and you'll all have a happier day. . . . With after-dinner coffee, serve several kinds of organic honey as an enticing (and healthy) alternative to sugar.

Splash-on flavors: bottle your own . . .

Gather the fresh leaves of herbs now, while they're still green; store them for winter dishes. Try this extraordinarily simple French method for making herb-brandy flavorings: Wash the leaves of any sweet herb and pat them dry, then crush in your hands or bruise in a mortar. Put in a crock or jar and cover with brandy. Let steep for a week, then strain the herbed brandy into a bottle. Use for flaming birds or meats after you've seared them, add to sauces and soups just before serving, splash onto broiled steaks and chops. Have a mint brandy for lamb (or glazed carrots); a basil bottle for tomato dishes; a tarragon for fish; a mixture of rosemary, thyme, and marjoram for stews. One cup of herbs will infuse two cups of brandy.

New hang-up, a clutter-catcher:

In his design studio in the attic of his house outside Paris, Christian Ragot has hung, upside down, an opened transparent plastic umbrella, "to catch stray drawings and anything else that's homeless": idea for a room where the children drop assignment sheets, hair barrettes, odd gloves, and other treasures you can't throw away.



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VOGUEHEALTH

WHAT DOCTORS SAY:

Five-day way to kick nicotine:

A five-day quit-smoking plan that works is the achievement of the General Conference of Seventh-day Adventists, a church with a strong religious tenet against smoking. This medically supervised plan does not stress religion but with sympathetic understanding tackles the smoker's physical problems, bad nerves, or other withdrawal symptoms. The hard-core smoker who wants to quit continues his normal activities but is put on a special diet that omits foods thought to trigger tobacco craving and includes large amounts of water and fruits and juices with a high vitamin-C content. Individual and group therapy sessions are scheduled and reading matter provided with shattering accounts of life in a cancer ward, of heart and lung diseases, and of throat and mouth ailments—illustrated by color photographs. Industries, organizations, and government bureaus have offered the Adventist plan to their employees or members; information can be had by writing A. C. Marple, Washington Sanitarium & Hospital, 7600 Carroll Avenue, Takoma Park, Maryland 20012.

Baby speedsters:

Slow-starting newborn babies who just loll about, breathing slowly, showing lethargic responses and not much sensitivity to being touched are likely to turn into active, assertive, talkative toddlers; while the quick and restless fast-breathing new babies who seem supercharged and highly responsive are less likely to get into the whirl of things when they get to nursery school—instead, they stand by and watch. These surprising conclusions came from Dr. Richard Q. Bell, of the National Institute of Mental Health's Child Research Branch, who studied seventy-five babies from birth to the age of seven and a half, discovered this intriguing reversal.

Telling on the kissing disease:

The college-age "kissing disease," infectious mononucleosis, may be totally misnamed: a symposium of five doctors in New York reporting on the latest findings said that one-fourth of those who get "mono" are under ten years old and that the disease is really not very infectious. Mononucleosis is caused by a virus, but even the patient's immediate family often do not catch it. The doctors think that the federal government's Communicable Disease Center should make "mono" a reportable disease, like measles and mumps, so that medical scientists can learn more about its patterns. Dr. Philip Glade, chief of the Division of Infectious Diseases, Department of Pediatrics, Mt. Sinai School of Medi-

When to turn down surgery:

The decision for surgery of any kind is a serious one that involves some risk. In considering an operation, you first should make sure that the procedure is really necessary. One state insurance commissioner—Herbert Denenberg of Pennsylvania—feels so strongly about this that he has written a "shopper's guide" for surgical operations. His fourteen rules for avoiding unnecessary surgery include tips on gaining independent medical opinions when your doctor recommends an operation; checking the professional credentials of the surgeon who is to operate on you; making sure you are in an accredited hospital. The activist commissioner stated that two million unnecessary operations are performed each year in the United States and that those most frequently done without justification are hysterectomies, hemorrhoidectomies, and tonsillectomies. You may get the surgery shopper's guide by writing to Commissioner Denenberg at the Pennsylvania Insurance Department, Finance Building, Harrisburg, Pennsylvania 17120.

Double-belt for safety

BY MELVA WEBER

cine in New York and a member of the symposium, suggested that doctors make careful tests when they suspect mononucleosis instead of prescribing an antibiotic "just in case." One reason: seven out of ten patients who do have mononucleosis develop a rash when they are given such an antibiotic as ampicillin, might be mistakenly tagged as allergic to the drug if the real cause is a case of mononucleosis.

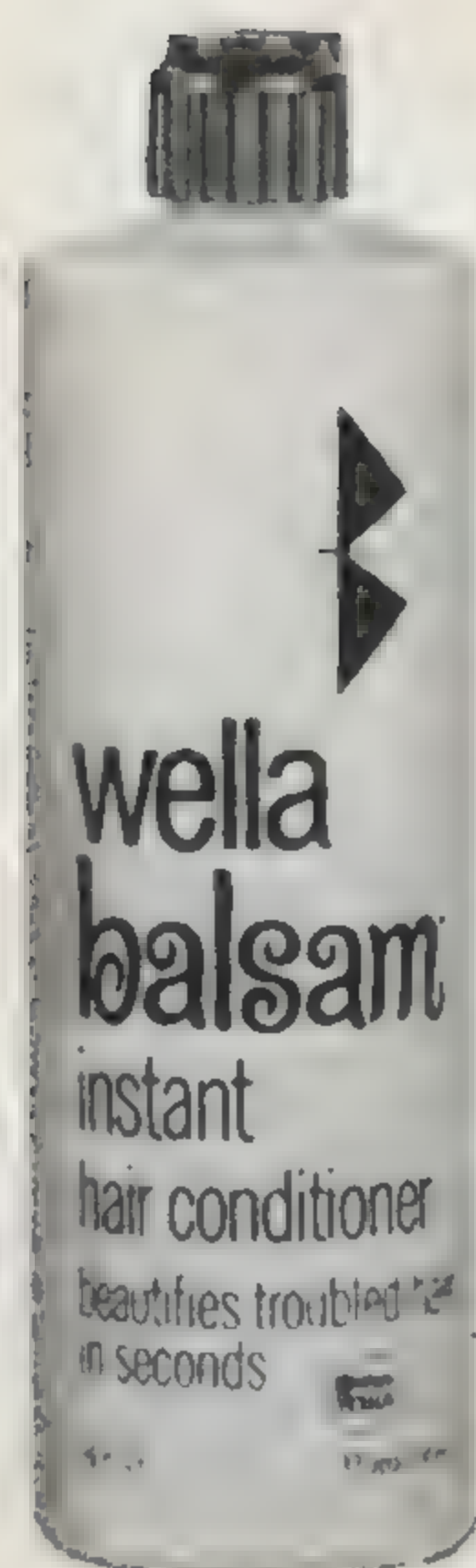
Cutting down one risk from car accidents:

Is an automobile seat belt buckled over the lap good or bad if the woman rider happens to be pregnant? This tricky problem has been carefully checked out by a special American Medical Association committee on automobile safety. Pregnant baboons were buckled into car seats and taken through variations in speed and sudden decelerations that a woman would experience in an automobile, while implanted devices monitored their heart beats, pressures on the uteruses, and other important factors.

Lap belts, because they press the uterus against the spine, did turn out to be risky to unborn babies. Shoulder harnesses, worn along with the lap belts, reduced this risk. But restraint of some kind is definitely important: in severe collisions, the fatality rate for unbelted mothers was about double that for belted mothers. In cases in which the mother was thrown from the car, the death rate for the unborn child was more than four times greater than for those in similar crashes not thrown out. The committee's finding:

"Despite the real possibility of belt-caused injury to the pregnant woman and her fetus in severe collisions, the woman's overall chances for survival and freedom from serious injury are much better if she uses a restraint system. The lap belt is preferable to the absence of restraint, and the three-point system (belt and shoulder harness) is superior to either."

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Vogue HOROSCOPE

By Maria Elise Crummere



**BRIGITTE
BARDOT**

BB's chart shows that she may find a new love at the end of the month

Born on September 28, 1934, film star Brigitte Bardot has a birth chart that anyone could envy: Sun, Mercury, and Jupiter are in Libra. The pairing of lucky Jupiter with the Sun promises success and affluence. The Moon in Gemini trines the Sun, showing versatility in reaching the public. The Libran charm and beauty are confirmed by Saturn in the same sign, Aquarius—completing a trinity that ensures her place in the sun, men crowding around.

ARIES, March 21–April 20

Love: renewal of an old love
Work: very busy
Money: good at full moon, September 22
Health: bears watching

In Arians, the expression of life rushes forth; your nature is dynamic and quick. While Mars, your ruler, remains in Virgo, sign of labor, work on an earlier plan, handling one partner with intelligence not aggression. After full moon, you gain prestige.

April 21–May 20, **TAURUS**

You do not scatter your forces but preserve them, gathering possessions through careful calculations. Your ruler, Venus, is in Leo, bringing power that should be secured at the full moon, September 22. An unexpected turn of events adds a new dimension of luck. Pursue it before the moon wanes.

Love: new prospect
Work: only speculation
Money: new investments
Health: vigorous

GEMINI, May 21–June 20

Love: interest wanes
Work: very busy
Money: improves at end of month
Health: nervous tension

Restlessness seems to encircle you because of your multiple objectives. Just before the full moon, September 22, your ruler—Mercury—enters Libra, changing your course. On the full moon, you may receive news that sends you in the new direction. Move fast; this could develop a new life.

June 21–July 22, **CANCER**

Water flows downward; to raise it requires outside force. Born in the Water sign Cancer, you move around ideas and people, do not approach until provoked. At full moon, September 22, when Sun and Moon enter active signs, you will be stimulated by one impressed by your charm.

Love: change
Work: seek contracts
Money: new sources
Health: lassitude

LEO, July 23–August 22

Love: new interest
Work: artistic opportunities
Money: be careful, income tested
Health: high strung

The Sun, Leo's ruler, represents divine power radiating through man's life. Now, the Sun in Virgo until full moon, September 22, means a work period for you. At full moon, the Sun changes signs, stimulating you to travel, communicate, or launch a new endeavor with others. (Continued on page 30)

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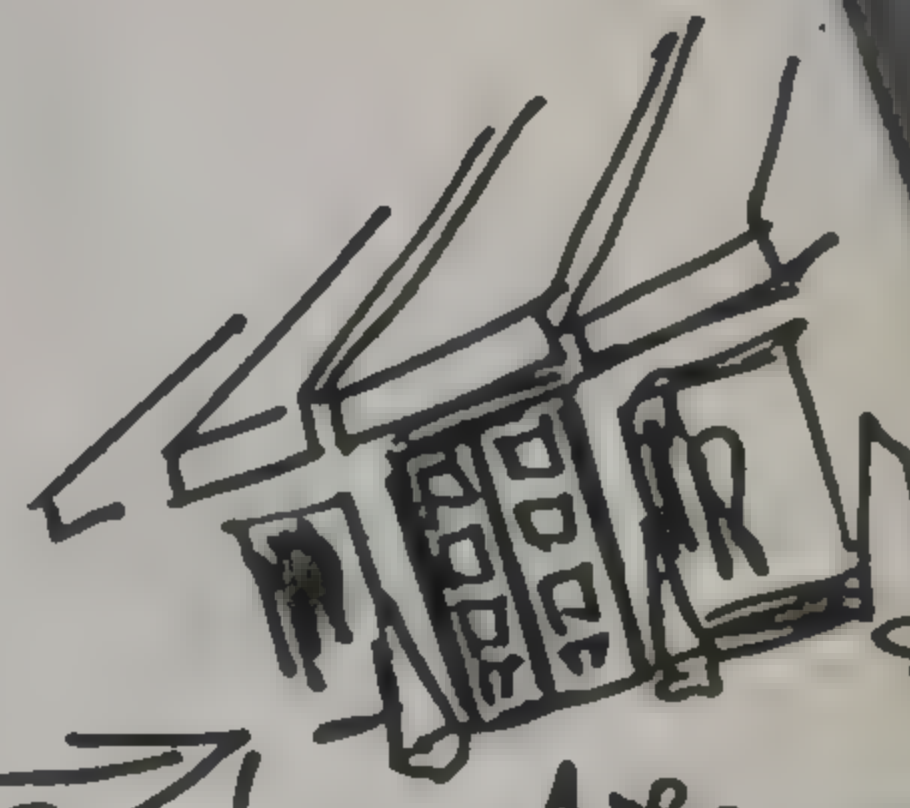
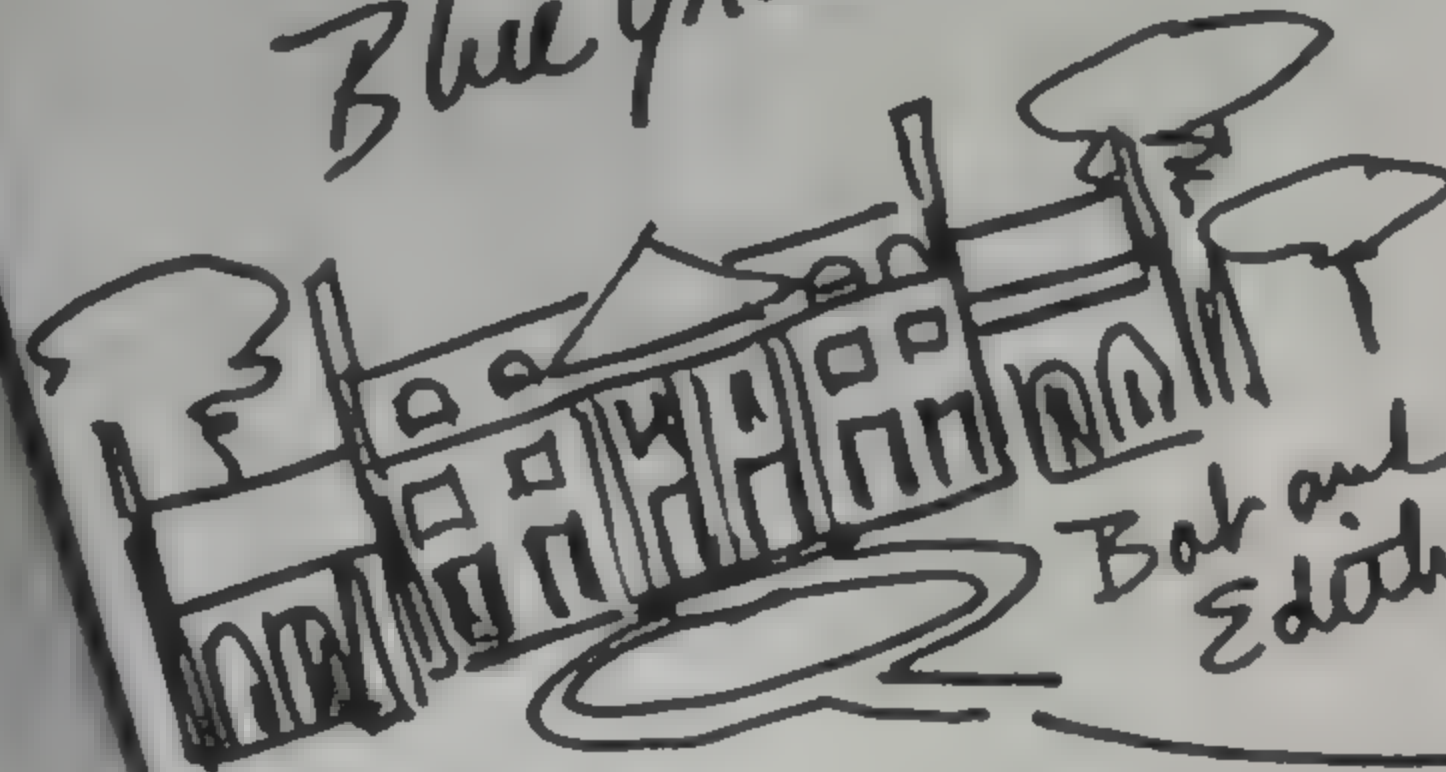
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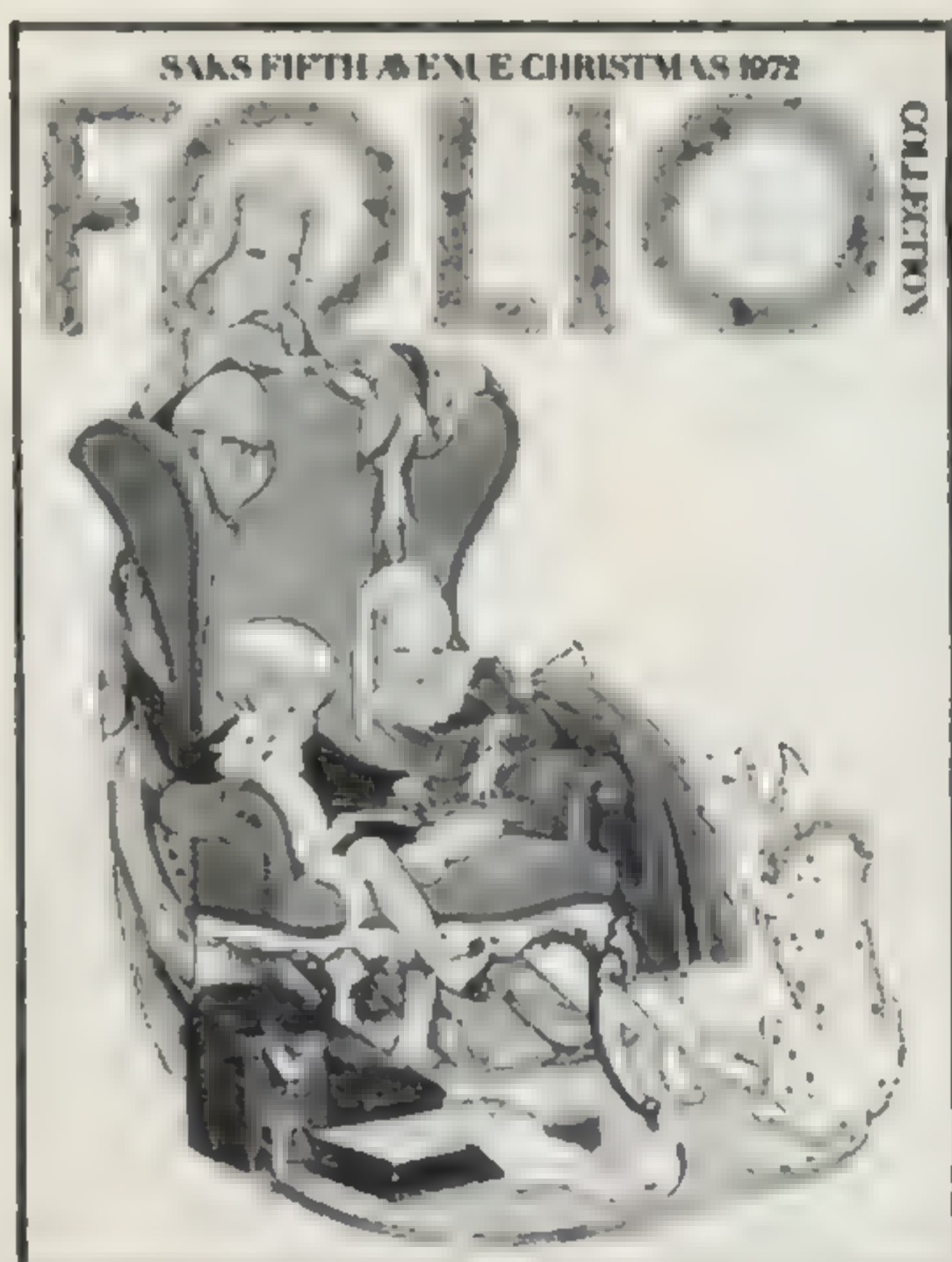


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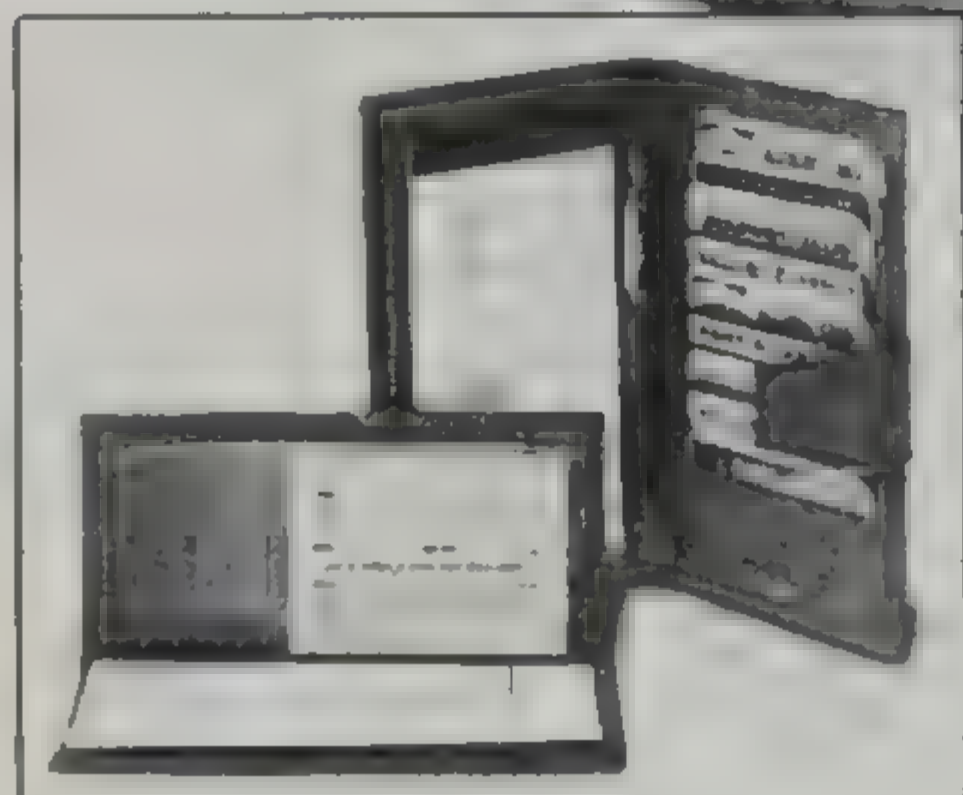
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HOROSCOPE

(Continued from page 28)

VIRGO, August 23–September 22

Love: resistance

Work: busy, backlog

Money: improvement
after full moon,
September 22

Health: emotional
strain

Virgoans seem discontented because the perfection they seek is rarely found. When your ruler, Mercury, enters Libra near full moon, you can improve income by putting regular duties aside, concentrating on creative work. Speculate with a suggestion made by one who loves you.

September 23–October 22, **LIBRA**

Libra is the most charming sign in the zodiac but unemotional; you are too balanced to emphasize one thing. Those who expect you to be exciting must try now while your ruler, Venus, is in the dramatic loving sign Leo. Since you love to be loved, this could lead to marriage, the role you enjoy most.

Love: stay
with the old

Work: new programs

Money: seek
new sources

Health: tested
by excitement

SCORPIO, October 23–November 21

Love: indifferent

Work: comes through
recommendations

Money: two sources

Health: eat light diet

Though Scorpio is a Water sign, your emotion is controlled, not expressed until some outside force compels its release. On September 23, during the full moon, lucky Jupiter brings good news: communications show that profits are on their way to you. Move quickly to grasp every opportunity.

November 22–December 21, **SAGITTARIUS**

When Sagittarians become enthusiastic, they get out their arrows and shoot their ideas into everyone they meet. Jupiter, your ruler, is leaving your sign, not to return for twelve years. Make one last effort to secure any idea you want circulated or publicized. Use positive measures.

Love: many chances

Work: peak
opportunities

Money: very good

Health: avoid
extravagant eating

CAPRICORN, December 22–January 20

Love: waiting

Work: depends
on contacts

Money: private
transactions

Health: old condition
threatens

No other sign has the patience of Capricorn. Time is ever a conscious instrument for you, and like the nimble mountain goat you finally arrive. Jupiter enters your sign just after full moon, September 22, bringing a new cycle of prosperity. Your patience will be justly rewarded.

January 21–February 19, **AQUARIUS**

The Aquarian enjoys struggling with the problems of communities or groups. Your ruler, Uranus, in Air Libra now suits such activities. This is an excellent time to make use of your unique occult quality in tying up loose ends and mending the minds of your fellow men.

Love: return to the old

Work: through others

Money: use
new contacts

Health: excellent

PISCES, February 20–March 20

Love: not suitable

Work: through travel

Money: temporary
waiting

Health: effervescent

When Pisceans' conscious and subconscious states are in harmony, a gracious personality is seen. Your ruler, Neptune, in a Fire sign should force you to speak out, especially at the full moon, September 22, to communicate some hidden truths to a troubled society.

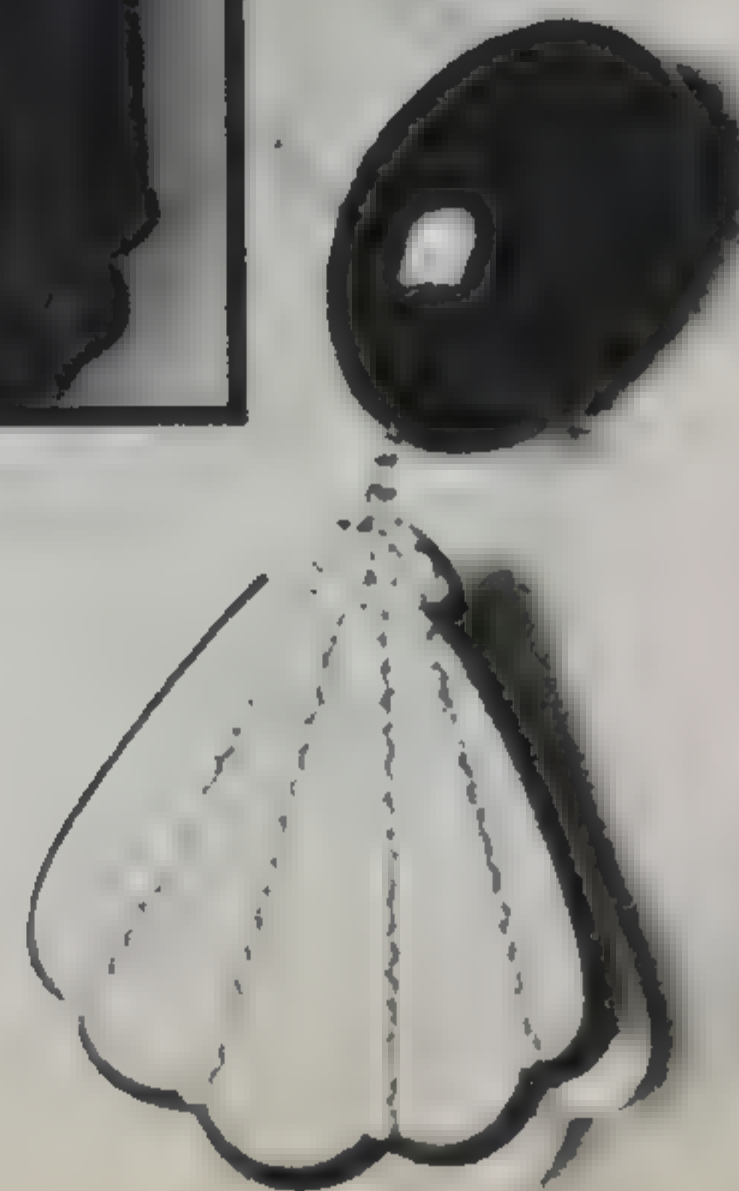
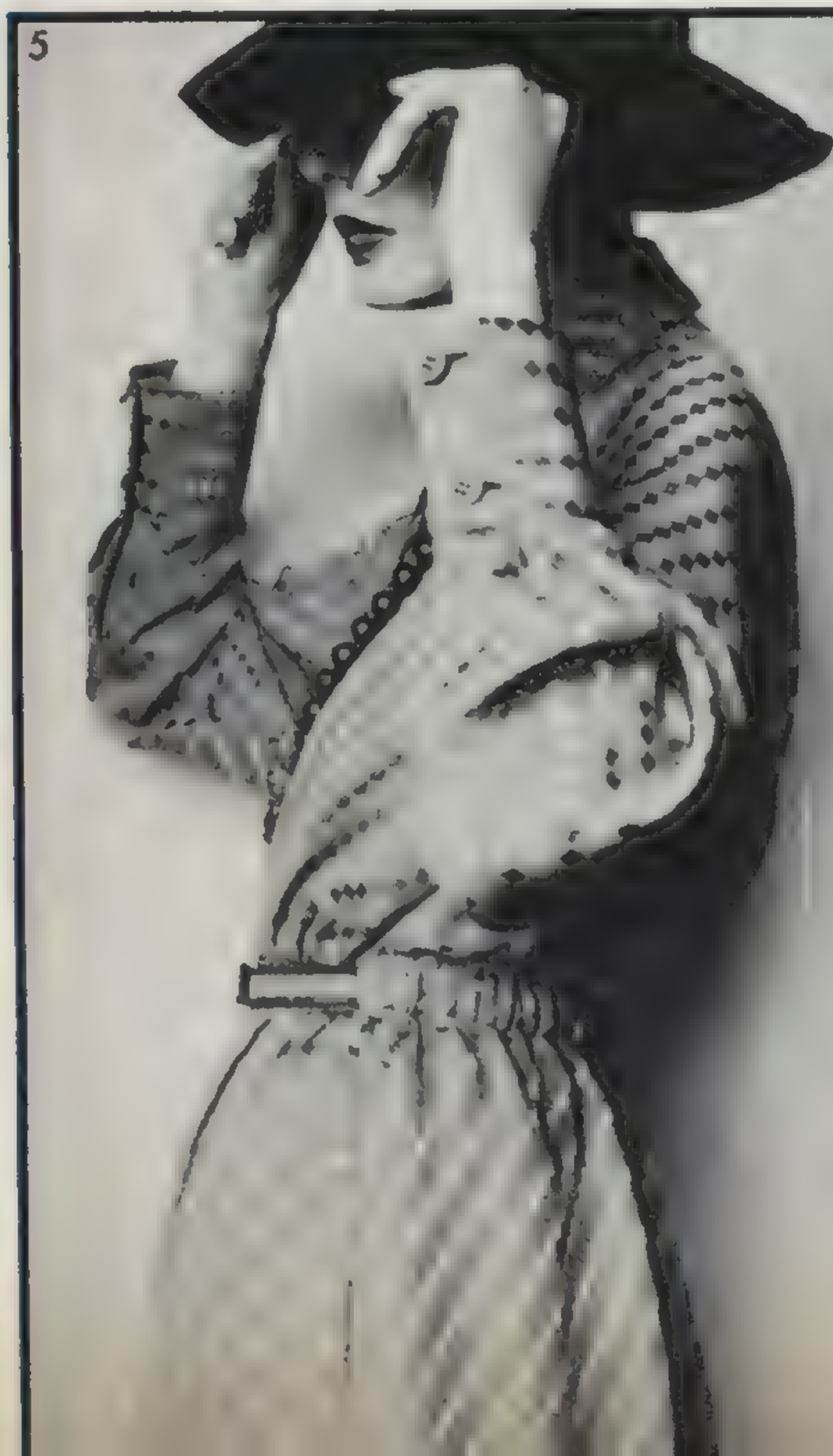
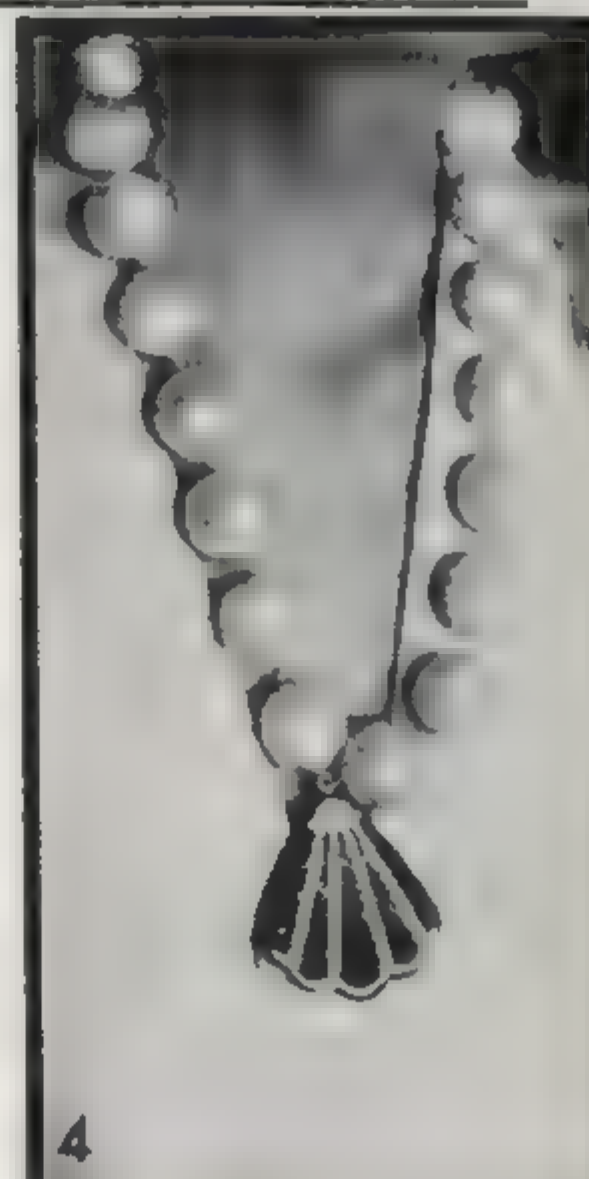
VOGUE OBSERVATIONS

NEW YORK: NORELL/GALANOS

These two names stand for first rank American fashion. Their collections—always the epitome of quality in design, fabric, workmanship, finish, and detail—are even more super duper this fall. Here, a fleeting look at a few of their ideas, their cuts, some finishing touches. . . . Further reports coming in later issues. . . .

NORELL: A new ease to his tailoring . . . the most becoming warm colorings. For instance—1. The soft sashed coat in silver "haired" blacky-brown fleece . . . 2. Superbly tailored raglan-sleeve coat, cardigan jacket belted suit, both in classic-patterned softest wools colored camel and cream . . . 3. The evening span-gles—flashing deepest dark forest green. The sweater jacket, like a wisp of air, is paillettes sewn on chiffon. . . .

GALANOS: 4. With a creamy pink wool evening dress, Galanos shows a necklace of outsized pearls sprinkled with rhinestones, ending in a shell-shaped pendant of tortoise and mother-of-pearl . . . Galanos's day dresses are terrific—soft and supple. 5. Typical, this deep-sleeved, drawstring-back shirtdress of violet silk . . . 6. The blouson shirt, in black satin-striped crêpe de Chine, buttons on to black wool gabardine skirt . . . 7. The new pendant brooch, worn with suits and dresses, in mock tortoise shell, mother-of-pearl and rhinestones . . . 8. A tunic shirt of deep brown crêpe, drawstring-sashed at the waist is worn with brown gabardine skirt . . . the deep soft-brimmed hat, the one or two ropes of lustrous shaded pearls (from Kenneth Jay Lane), were shown with day clothes. . . .



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V O G U E

ART

Oldenburg's Mouseleum



Architect's rendering of Claes Oldenburg's Mouse Museum, showing the relationship of the interior, with a shape resembling the head of Mickey Mouse, to the bland rectangular exterior of this room-size exhibition.

By Barbara Rose

Since the Venice Biennale has lost its sparkle, its role as the Number One international art festival has been taken by West Germany's Documenta, in Kassel, a small town northeast of Cologne. Unlike the Biennale, which has emphasized national prestige by giving each participating country a special pavilion, Documenta is a democratic affair, focusing on international trends and doing away with the prize system attacked by artists and students alike. Presumably, as far as Documenta—this year consisting mainly of conceptual and ephemeral art whose existence is documented by photographs and of *arte povera* environments of waste materials—is concerned, all artists are equal.

Of course, this is nonsense: there is probably more inequality among artists than in the general population. Proving that talent is one thing but genius is another, Claes Oldenburg has stolen the show at Documenta with his Mouse Museum. Filled with the bric-a-brac of mass culture, endlessly multiplied through manufacture and reproduction, the Mouse Museum is a kind of archeological excavation of the present.

As usual, Oldenburg is exploring an elaborate *double-entendre*.

The Mouse Museum, whose curator is art publisher Kasper König, is a structure with a floor plan in a geometric shape reminiscent of the head of Mickey Mouse reduced to a square with two circles for the ears and an ellipse for the tongue. From the outside, the museum looks like a closed cigar box. Once inside, however, the spectator, immersed in darkness, makes out the shape of the familiar pop-culture symbol—Mickey's head—outlined by the light issuing from a series of cases in which modern artifacts are displayed. In two rectangular glass columns placed where Mickey's eyes would normally be, artfully arranged heaps of mass-produced objects—ranging from gumball-machine prizes to large blowups of popular objects—are piled up like an ancient hero's trophies.

Filled with common objects altered by Oldenburg as well as products of the wildest kitsch fantasies, the Mouse Museum is a well-timed call to a reappraisal of the relationship between our actual culture—what we live with every day—and official institutional culture. "It's my mouseleum," Oldenburg explains with mock seriousness, likening himself to the Egyptian pharaohs buried with the objects they cherished most. ▼

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VOGUE TRAVEL

By George Bradshaw

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the news on TRAINS

Edna St. Vincent Millay once made an imprudent statement: "There isn't a train I wouldn't take," she said, "no matter where it's going." She *couldn't* have had in mind the 2:35 P.M. from Bridgehampton to New York or any of those shattering terrors that set you down in Darien, Connecticut.

Well, I malign the lady for the sake of emphasis. She was writing in a time when trains were the glory of American transportation, when only a half-wit would have supposed that that dangerous and suspect invention, the airplane, would ever become the usual and accepted means of travel.

But, Americans took airplanes to their hearts. It seems incredible to me that anyone would want to get to Atlanta or Dallas ahead of time, but I am in a minority, as usual.

So, as we all know, the airplane had a disastrous effect on long-haul passenger trains. I once, four years ago, found myself the sole paying customer on the



Above: "Spirit of St. Louis." The railroad companies quite naturally closed their corporate hearts: buttons ceased to push, water ceased to run, lights stayed out, upholstery disintegrated. Some friends of mine made the trip from New York to Chicago entirely by candlelight. Indeed, your chances of getting over the mountains to California were about on a par with the Donner Party's.

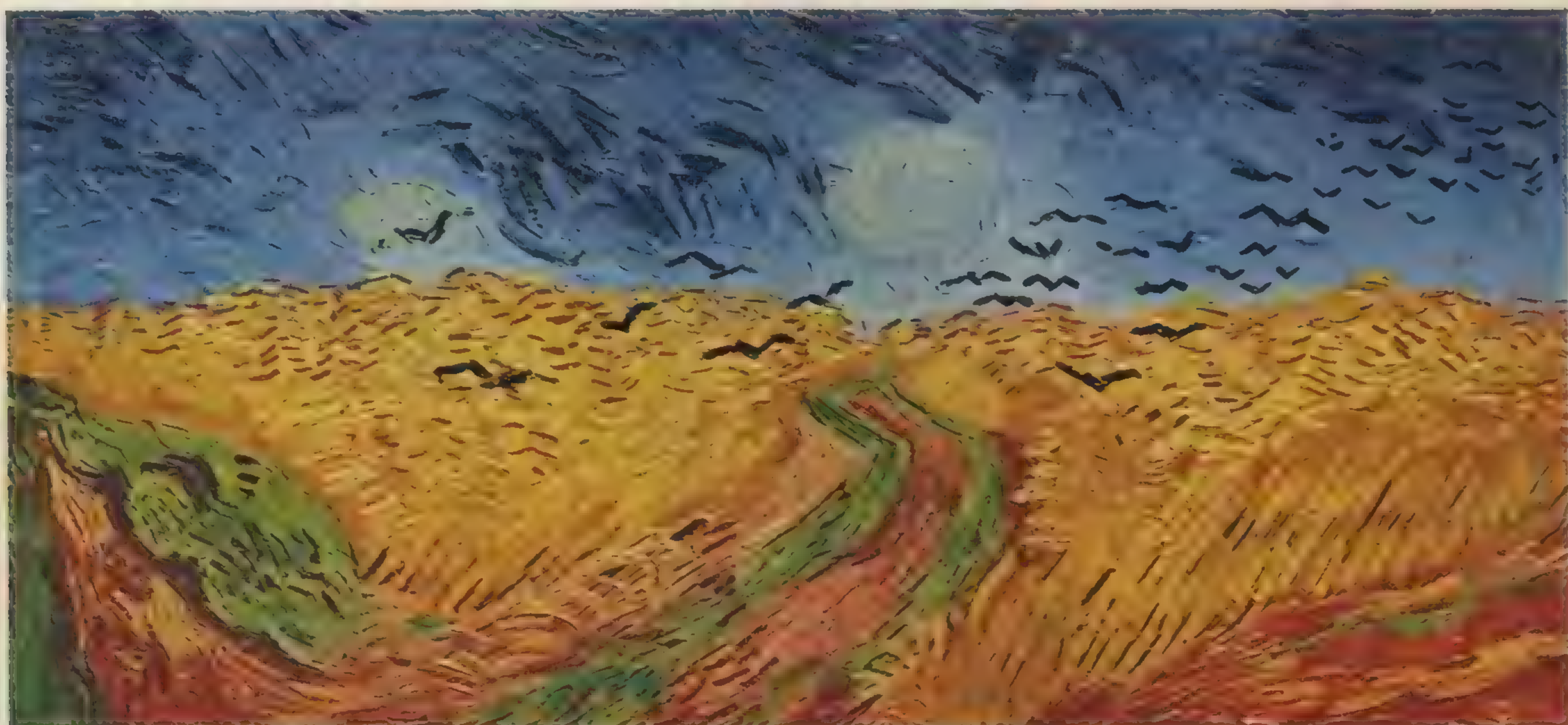
Finally, in a move calculated to break my heart, the companies announced that all passenger trains would be abandoned. But at the last moment the trains were saved—and by the most unlikely body in the country: the Congress of the United States. Apparently enough pressures and alarms were brought to bear, so that Congress created the National Railroad Passenger Corporation, known as Amtrak.

I find that most of my friends—a moderately intelligent group of people—have never heard of Amtrak, so here it is: an agency funded and empowered by the government to buy and operate practically all the intercity passenger trains in

(Continued on page 40)



How much do you see when you look at this painting?



Think about it for a moment, then read the paragraph below, from
THE WORLD OF VAN GOGH.

Signs of Van Gogh's grief—and his fears—abound in this turbulently emotional work. The sky is a deep, angry blue that overpowers the two clouds on the horizon. The foreground is uncertain—an ill-defined crossroad. A dirt path seen in part in the foreground runs blindly off both sides of the canvas; a grass track curves into the wheat field only to disappear at a dead end. The wheat itself rises like an angry sea to contend with the stormy sky. Crows flapping over the tumult swarm

toward the viewer. Even the perspective contributes to this effect; the horizon rolls relentlessly forward. In this picture Van Gogh painted what he must have felt—that the world was closing in on him and his roads of escape were blocked, with the land rising up and the sky glowering down. Created in the artist's deepest anxiety, the painting nevertheless reveals Van Gogh's power, his expressive use of color and firm sense of composition.

Now look at the painting again.

Do you see more in it this time? Is it more interesting to you? Do you feel the emotional impact in a way you didn't before? Would you be able to interpret the painting for a friend or a younger member of your family? Do you think you've learned something not only about his work, but about *all* works of art?

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VOGUE TRAVEL

(Continued from page 34)

the country (except commuter trains). And to improve them.

The startling news is that Amtrak has done just that. And in not much more than a year.

The inheritance was not promising. Apart from the Metro-liners between Washington, D.C., New York, and Boston, which were already successful, the equipment, while operable, was in a dreary state. Ideally, brand new trains, built from scratch, were called for; but there was no time for that.

So, out of the thousands of Pullman cars extant, the almost thirteen hundred best were stripped, redesigned, rebuilt, repainted, re-upholstered—given a kind of Maine Chance treatment for railroad cars. What have emerged are beauties that Elizabeth Arden could be satisfied with.

Right now these cars are in service on many lines around the country: by Christmas all Amtrak trains will be refurbished. This means that you could ride, in old-time peace and com-



Above: Plan of new sleeping cars, with both suites and bedrooms fort, from New York to Seattle, to Los Angeles, to New Orleans, to Chicago and back to New York. Also, that dream of all railroad riders is being put into service: through cars



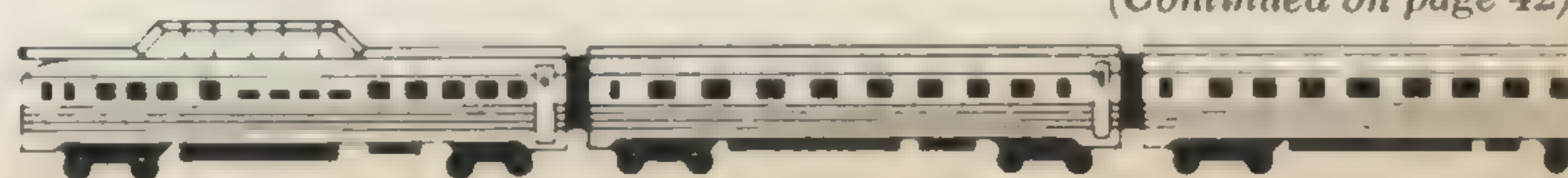
Above: Play-room on rails: drinks, food, games, movies, television for all passengers from New York to Los Angeles, by way of Kansas City. This means two days of real privacy, when no person or thing can get to you, and you can relax and invite what's left of your soul and watch the plains and the mountains slide by.

Indeed, privacy is the supreme luxury that the trains have to offer in this public age. You have your own room, your own bathroom, you have a door that will lock; if you wish, you can have your meals served in your compartment.

I made the round trip between New York and Chicago on the new Broadway Limited on its maiden run. The train has been running since the turn of the century, always as a train deluxe, with bedrooms, diners, library cars. In 1912 it was christened the Broadway. Its decor, of course, has changed: from a "generous amount of Renaissance decoration in gold" to today's emphatic blues and reds.

All along the line people came out to see the new train. Wherever we stopped—Newark, Trenton, North Philadelphia, Pooli—crowds came scurrying along the platforms: young, old, families with children, and all with cameras, snapping stills and movies. And as we sped on into the Pennsylvania twilight, everybody waved: from their backyards, from

(Continued on page 42)





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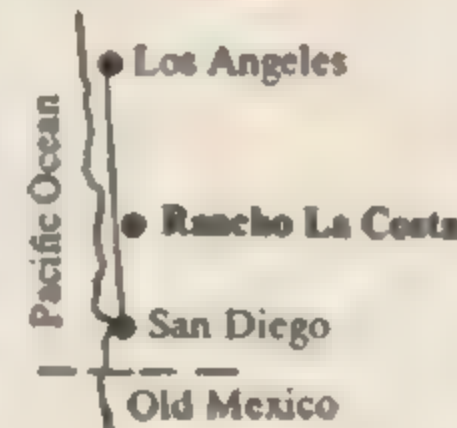


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VOGUE TRAVEL

(Continued from page 40)

A great train stirs feelings of an unidentifiable longing cars, from crossings. I understood it. A great train stirs feelings of longing—unidentifiable longing. I used to have it when I watched the Orient Express go thundering through Switzerland or the Super Chief snaking its way across the Mojave Desert. Here is opulence: carefree people having a carefree time. We know from experience this is not necessarily true, but standing along the tracks you can never be quite sure.

Inside, the new Broadway is all color. In the sleeping cars, each room, instead of being that practical Pullman grey, is a different color. The vestibules are painted caboose red. You get the feeling that the passenger, not the maintenance department, is the important factor.

There are amusements aboard. In the central lounge car there are four color television sets that actually work. After dinner they are attached to a central cassette machine and movies are shown. Also in the lounge car is a piano, if anyone cares to play. And on many trains there are a couple of extraordinarily decorative girls, Amtrak girls. They don't seem to have any specific duties—as airline hostesses do—they answer questions and help you.

They are among Amtrak's happiest innovations.

Finally, the food. The dining car is a block long, all white linen, fresh flowers, and flattering lights. The service is correctly leisurely—for you are not going anywhere, so to speak. My steaks were large and rare and tender, and not in the least expensive.

It was in the dining car that I had one of the most rewarding moments of my trip. Halfway through dinner I looked up and saw the conductor enter the car. He was all conductors: stinky, assured, and wearing that baggy coat which is loaded with money and tickets and punches. On his head was that hard, characteristic cap, braided with authority, that cap which no conductor ever takes off, day or night. Except. . . .

Would he? I wondered. Does the tradition persist? Would he do what all conductors have done since I was a child? He did. At the door, he took off the cap, placed it over his heart, and walked solemnly through. Then he put it on again. The grand politeness of the dining car. Thank God, some things never change.

We got to Chicago right on time. ▼



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Anderson-Newcomb, Huntington
The Diamond, Charleston
The Smart Shop, Huntington

WISCONSIN

Dreyer-Meyer, Milwaukee
Grace Meany, Racine
Merle Norman Personal Touch, Janesville
Milwaukee Boston Store, Milwaukee
Oreck's, Superior



Olga Designs for Young Romantics:

GOODNIGHT
GOWNS
THAT GIVE YOU
A LITTLE HUG

All with Olga's own Secret Stretch™ lace that gently hugs in just the right places. To give a designer fit. To show a pretty curve. For more comfort and freedom than you've ever felt before. A mini-doll you can wear with or without its own straps, 12.00. Puff-sleeve smock gown, 22.00. Romantic long empire, 16.00. In poetic pastels. Clearly, the night was made by Olga. For you.

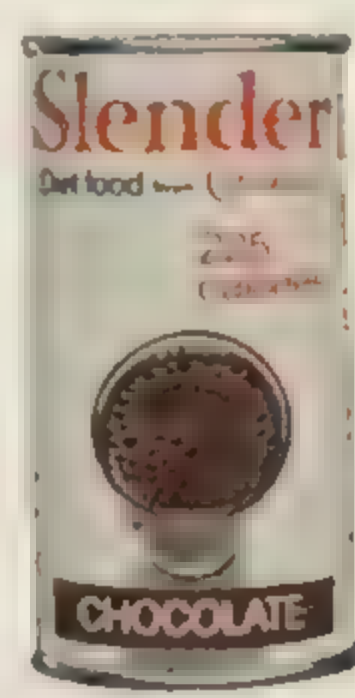
behind every **OLGA** there really is an Olga



See facing page for Olga's Where-To-Buy

Want to lose 4 pounds fast?

Just stick with 900 Slender calories a day and you'll get a thrill at the end of the week. We know. We put dieters, who were at least 20% overweight, on Slender for three weeks. Losses averaged more than 4 pounds the very first week.



After that, they averaged 3½ pounds a week. Mixed with the substantial nutrition of milk or chilled from the can, Slender's taste is unbeatable. So ask your doctor, and try it.



Ready VOGUE BEAUTY

Small Talk: quick little pick-ups in the makeup department

Sometimes the difference between looking good and looking great turns on a last-minute touch from one of today's small-but-powerful beauty helpers. Here, four that really deliver the goods, fast. . . . Mary Quant's new Quant Sticks, easy little push-up sticks in vibrant colors—pink, yellow, violet, brown—to flick anywhere on the face: on eyes, cheeks, mouth, under or over other makeup; anywhere a bit of brightening or emphasis is needed. . . . Does your lipstick tend to "feather" around the edges? Get, quickly, a firm grip on Evelyn Marshall's new Lip Shaper, a slender pencil with an extra-fine, soft lead in an orangey-red color (to kill the bluish edging most lips have). Outline lips neatly with the Shaper, then fill in with lipstick. The orangey-red line disappears; the clear, clean outline remains. . . . If tired eyes gaze back from your morning confrontation with the mirror, reach for Frances Denney's new Eye Line Lift. Comes in a mini dab-on bottle with a soft nylon tip; from it, a light film of reviving lotion flows onto puffed or lined areas around the eyes, smoothing, lifting, freshening. . . . For the finishing touch, a whisk of Clinique Transparent Buffer all over the face, whisked on with its own brush then buffed to a natural glow. This is a pressed powder in Sunbeige or Natural that doesn't look powdery.

A New Perfume with something to say

What's filling the air of the happiest Up elevators in town? Real perfume-y perfume that says, "I'm my own woman" (the way real makeup does). This potent message, just delivered by Parfums Rochas and called Audace, mingles musk with bunches of fresh healthy greens, dewy flowers, and a thread of sandalwood, and comes out smelling sexy but wholesome . . . an unfailingly attractive combination. . . . We've been told Audace is considered something of an event in France—this is the first time in eleven years that the worldly Rochas has felt the need for a new fragrance. Since they gave us Femme and Madame Rochas, that's saying a lot.

the fifth season:



a new fragrance forever for lovers

summer sun

reborn from frost



mellow gold

forever there.

Indian Summer by *Houbigant*

Ship'n Shore®

Joie de Challis.
The joy of wearing a vibrant
new shirtlook. In soft, light,
Challessa, 100% Orlon® Acrylic.



Smocked, pocketed Pantshirt, \$13.
Sculpture Seamed Shirt, \$11.
The Insider Pantshirt, \$14.

At these and other fine stores.

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Tucson; Korby's
California
Santa Barbara; The Sands
Vallejo; Levee's

Connecticut

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Illinois

Chicago; Charles A. Stevens
Fulton; Amman's Dept. Store
Peoria; P. A. Bergner & Co.
Rockford; D. J. Stewart & Co.

Indiana

Elkhart; Ziesels
Lafayette; Loeb's
South Bend; Gilbert's

Iowa

Whiting; Gazda's

Des Moines;

Yunker Bros. Inc.

Kentucky

Louisville; Ben Snyder Store

Massachusetts

Chicopee; Ferris Inc.

Gloucester;

Brown's
Holden; M. P. Benson Co.
Pittsfield; England's
Winthrop; Michael's

Michigan

Marine City; Miller's
Wayne; Mulholland's

Minnesota

Wayzata; The Foursome
Willmar; Avalon Shop
Mississippi
Starkville;
Mullin's Dept. Store

New Jersey

Bergenfield; Florence Shop
Hackensack;
Frolows Famous Fain

Pompton Lakes;

Gelmans Dept. Store

Pompton Lakes;

Singers Dept. Store

New York

Haverstraw; Lichter's
New City; Lichter's
Syracuse;
C. E. Chappell & Sons
—All Branches

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Marion; Frank Bros.
Toledo;
Lion Store—Downtown
Toledo; Lion Southwyck
Toledo; Westgate Lion Store

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Lancaster;
Watt & Shand—Downtown
Lancaster;
Watt & Shand—Park City

Lock Haven;

Luria's
Montgomeryville;
G. G. Levin & Co.
Wilkes-Barre;
Fowler, Dick & Walker

Texas

Houston; Foley's

Vermont

St. Johnsbury;
Hovey's Shops, Inc.

Virginia

Richmond; Miller & Rhoads

Washington

Seattle; Bon Marche

Wisconsin

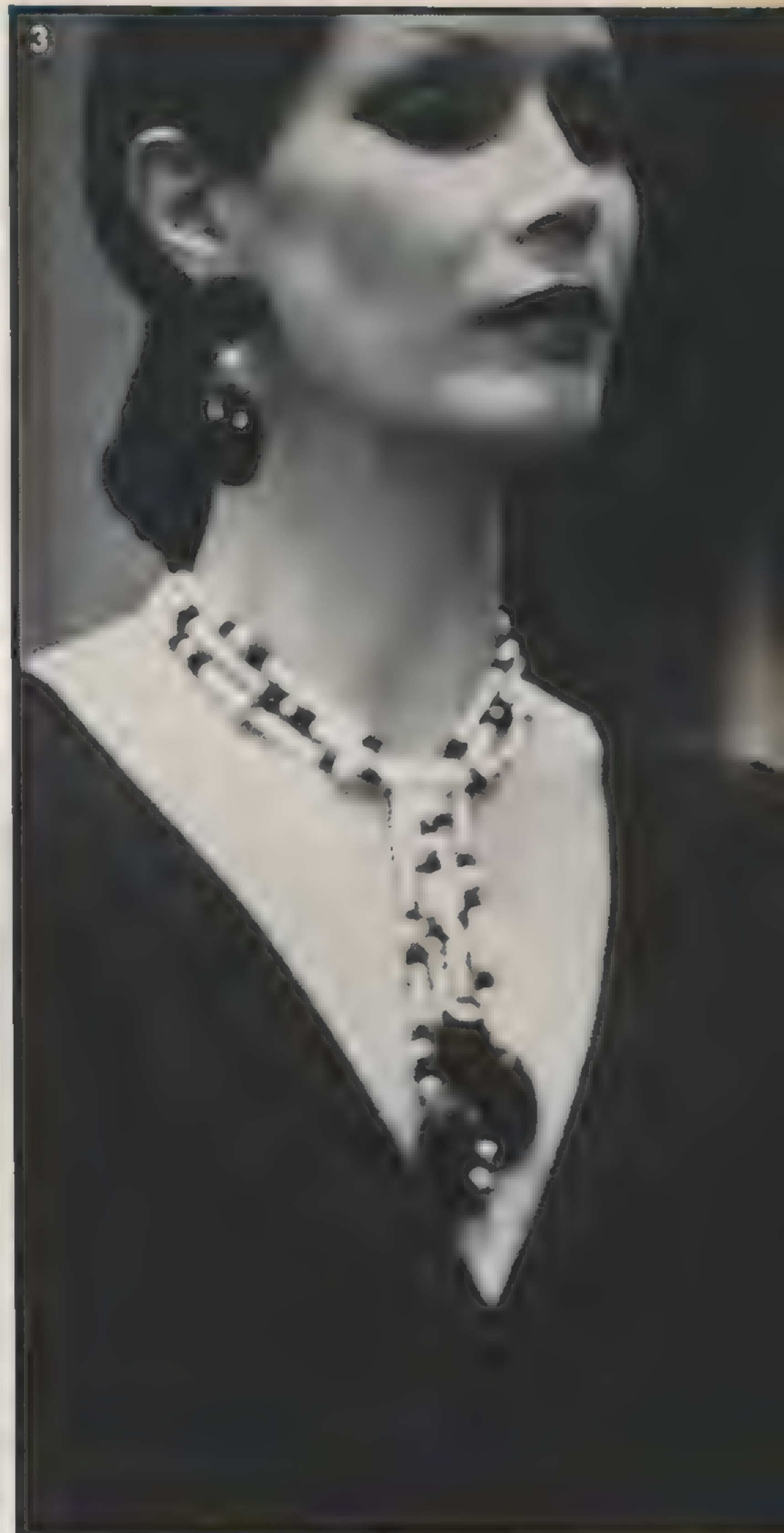
Stoughton;
The Stoughton Store

VOGUE OBSERVATIONS



PARIS, ROME: COLLECTION CLOSE-UPS

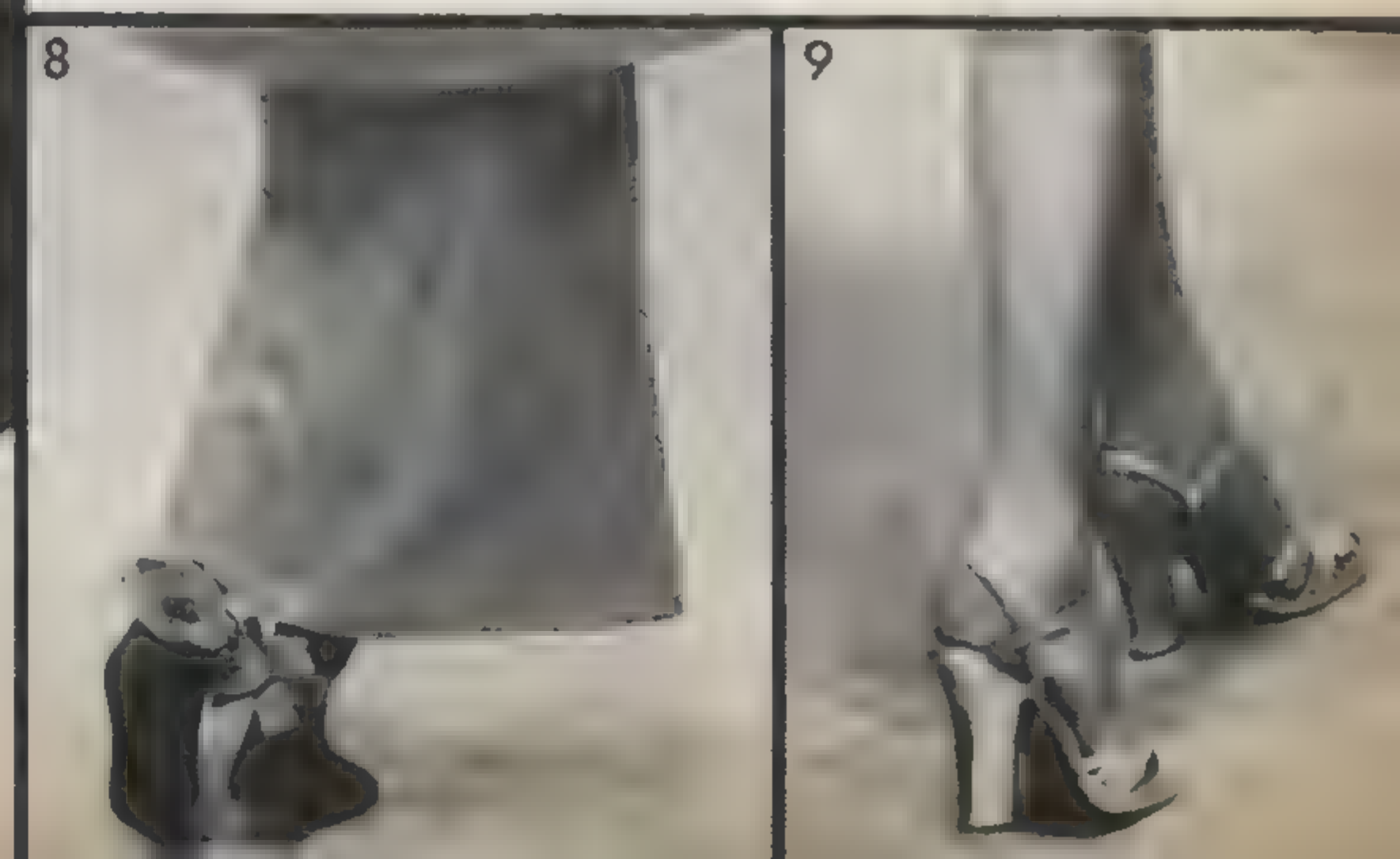
There's always more to a couture collection than the actual clothes—it's the accessories, the finishing touches from top to toe that tell us what the designer had in mind, the way he sees his customer turned out. Here, a few of these delectable details snapped as the models moved through the couture salons and swept down the runways....



THE BEAUTIFUL BACK, 1, of Irene Galitzine's peach thinnest satin evening dress, made even more so with ropes of black, grey pearl baubles ending in a long silk tassell swaying down the spine. Necklace by Borbone for Galitzine....**2.**

THE FUR MUFFLER, a snugly luxurious touch seen in many collections. This, designed by Marc Bohan at Dior, is in smoky fox, the same shading as the checked pants suit....**3. TEAR-DROPS OF RUBIES** (faux, of course), suspended from the ears and from a necklace of pearls

and smaller ruby stones—one of the many spectacularly beautiful jewelry touches at Saint Laurent....**4. A ROPE OF PEARLS** slips down into the décolletage of a pale lime-green satin bodice at Lanvin....**THE SHOE STORY:** **5.** For day at Dior, a platform-sole "Mary Jane" leather pump in the same tonality as the whole costume....**6.** Ungaro's snappy daytime Oxford, white leather piped in brown....**7.** At Valentino, the sturdy yet delicately proportioned walking shoe in highly polished leather....**8.** A piquant touch for evening at Courrèges, one ankle tied with a peony-pink flower, the other a pink ribbon rosette....**9.** Saint Laurent's high-heeled strippy-strappy evening sandals in gold or silver kid....



PURE WOOL. PURE DOLMAN. PURE DRAMA. A brilliant display. WOOL. IT'S GOT LIFE. And you'll love starring in the super sweater of the year: the turtled dolman. Here topping its own long cling of perfect pleats. A roaring success in black by Jane Justin for Don Sophisticates, 6 to 14 and it's 75.00. **FOR THE YOUNG INDIVIDUALIST® AT**



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NEW YORK AREA at 33 W. 34th St., New York City, and Green Acres, Mar.hasset. NEW JERSEY AREA at Livingston Mall, Eatontown. CONNECTICUT AREA at Stamford, Westport. BUFFALO at Thruway Plaza. BOSTON AREA at Burlington Mall. PHILADELPHIA AREA at Chestnut St., Plymouth Meeting. WASHINGTON, D.C. AREA at Connecticut Avenue, Montgomery Mall; BALTIMORE AREA at Towson Plaza; ATLANTA AREA at Peachtree Center, Lenox Square; CHARLOTTE at Charlottetown Mall; CINCINNATI at Swifton Center; MEMPHIS at Poplar Highland Plaza; ST. LOUIS at Crestwood Plaza; CLEVELAND AREA at Richmond Mall; DETROIT AREA at Northland Center.

SEPTEMBER 15, 1972

VOGUE'S POINT OF VIEW

fashion *and* WOMEN

By September fifteenth, we have seen a few clothes. We have seen the American ready-to-wear collections and the European ready-to-wear collections and, with this issue, the couture collections in Paris and Italy. We've seen it all, checked it all out... and we have news for you: There is fashion again—desirable fashion. And it has nothing to do with hemlines, waistlines, or with anything forced or contrived. It is a way for a woman to look that is the way a modern woman should—and will—want to look, and can, whether she's buying on the small or shooting for the moon. The elements are at every reach, everywhere—except in the teen-age department. Which, in a way, is what it's all about: women not children. A young woman, an older woman—but a woman. A woman dressed. With finish, style, glamour, sophistication...things that have been out of our lives for a long time. They are *In*.

PARIS

THE COUTURE IS LIKE LIFE: IT HAS ITS UPS AND DOWNS. AND WHEN IT IS UP, IT IS VERY, VERY UP. IT HAS SNAP. IT HAS STYLE. IT HAS—AND WE DON'T USE THE WORD OFTEN—SOPHISTICATION.... AT ITS BEST, THIS SEASON, THE COUTURE GAVE US A WAY FOR A WOMAN TO LOOK...AND THE BEST IS HERE.

SAINT LAURENT

It's a rare designer whose sense of an era runs so true that he can capture, in clothes, its character and the shifts within it, and give it form. Saint Laurent is that rarity—completely of and into his times, and it comes through in everything he does. He hasn't just scored fashion points, he has presented a total look of a modern, youthful, glamorous woman that's a very attractive image to live with. And we will, we promise you, be living with it....Right, **the best and most sophisticated pants look in Paris**—black crêpe, with a thin crimson halter edged in beads. Thrown over, like some little everyday cardigan: some little cardigan in a cable-stitch embroidery of gold and ruby beads—how's that for throwaway luxe??? The jewelry, also Saint Laurent, and as he showed it. Pants, Dormeuil fabric. Halter, Bianchini fabric. Lesage embroidery. To order at J. Magnin. Coifs, these twenty-six pages—small but not skimpy; with *line*: Ara Gallant all the way.







Paris

SAINT LAURENT


The Saint Laurent coat to watch, near right, a lot of coat but a small one, very narrow through the top...then all the swing you would like to have in clothes now. In black wool piped in leather, worn over matching pants. To order at L. Magnin....**A wonderful black velvet hat**—the favorite in Paris, far right, tipped for Andalusian flirt. With it, the earring, the necklaces, the tie, the cuff link...the total snap and style of everything at Saint Laurent (and part of a suit look you'll see a few pages ahead).



Paris

SAINT LAURENT

Buff suède and badger, left: his beautiful blond chopped coat—wrappy, full-sleeved, with tight knitted cuffs—turned out over a long-sleeved blouson polo-shirt in crimson, and Oxford-brown flannel trousers. From the gold-and-wood earrings to the rolled-down beige knitted gloves: smart, non-chalant—the way any woman would love to be for day. Shirt fabric by Racine; pants fabric by Elita. The turnout, to order at I. Magnin.



This is sensational—this weighing and playing of texture and pattern and color: **the sweater-coat in crochet stripes and big fat bands of silver fox** over a chevron-knit cardigan and pleated challis skirt in smaller chevrons—all crimson, navy, bright blue, beige, with a self-patterned brick-red silk crêpe shirt, a tiny crochet cap...every i dotted, every t crossed. Perfect.

Shirt fabric by Fournier; skirt fabric by Abraham. To order at I. Magnin.



Paris

SAINT LAURENT

Two of the prettiest things that happened in Paris were these two short evening looks of Saint Laurent. . . . Left, the **little black dinner suit** that stopped the show: pleated ciré satin skirt, stitched to the hip with a matching quilted cardigan bordered in sable. Over the simplest V-neck pull, striped in black and silver sequins—ravishing. Jacket and skirt of Abraham fabric. To order at I. Magnin. . . . And **his short dress for evening**, right. The most—the most flirty, the most sexy, the most luxe-y a dress can be at night: four wafting tiers of black and silver Lurex, pleated and ruffled. . . . the only thing lighter you could have on would be perfume—"Y," of course. Fabric by Bucol. To order at I. Magnin. Ara Gallant coifs.



UNGARO

With Ungaro, the idea of casual, shirty, sportive dressing takes on a whole new lustre. From the beautiful clean, clean colorings to the seductive depth and lightness of the fabrics and the way they're layered together, with one thing opening up to reveal something else underneath and each layer complete in itself, it is a total look--and a total understanding of a woman....It is Ungaro at his most: luxurious, practical, modern....At left, **layers of angora plaid and checks with white wool pants, white jersey scarf**: his belted coat in tones of butterscotch, beige, and tan over a checked jacket of pale, pinky beige and white, with the gathered, elasticized waist he put on everything from blousons to topcoats (keep your eye on this waistline, it will be around). Ara Gallant coif, held by Carita combs....Pattern on pattern as only Ungaro can do it, right: **the long-jacket suit with an elasticized waist**, in a challis plaid of ginger, black, and white; underneath, a foulard-patterned shirt in a thinner challis and a little white angora scarf tied at the neck. The coat that goes over this--over anything--a puff of white mohair. Foulard print, by Sonia Knapp....Wool turnouts on both pages, in Lanbe fabrics.





UNGARO

There were other evenings at Ungaro but these long black dresses, worn with pieces of ivory and ebony, were absolutely it—the softest, most beautiful things imaginable. . . . **The V-neck black crêpe**, left, cut all on the bias and flowing along the body. . . full sleeves, full blouson back; the skirt folded over in front, giving the look of a wrap. Taroni fabric. . . **The very covered dress in black georgette**, right, with soft ruffles tied at the throat, over the wrists, soft stitched-down pleats released at the hip. . . and a remarkable fall of ivory-and-ebony necklaces. Buche fabric.





UNGARO

Everything is like cream—looks like cream, moves like cream, with the richness of cream....**The most pristine pants suit, left:** a white-on-white chevron-patterned angora shirt-jacket with his new elasticized waist, over wide, straight, high-waisted white gabardine pants; foulard challis scarf at the neck...and a marvelous long white mac of rubberized canvas—practical luxe to the hilt. Lanbe angora and wool gabardine; Ducol canvas. **...What a way to look on a cold night, right—**a long lynx coat over a bare little angora-jersey top with ruffles around the neck, beige-and-white trousers; ivory jersey wrapping the head, muffling the neck. Top, Tex-Maglia jersey; pants, Lanbe wool and angora.



Paris

SUITS

SAINT LAURENT

There are really good-looking suits in Paris—snappy, modern—no little uniforms....Left, **the luxe-iest, sportsiest suit**—Saint Laurent's elongated crochet sweater with sable collar and cuffs, belted over a two-piece plaid challis dress—bow-tied shirt and pleated wrap skirt in mulberry, navy, bright blue, pink...and a crochet cap in the same colors. Dress fabric by Abraham. Copy, at Lord & Taylor. Original, to order: I. Magnin.... Saint Laurent's **black wool cardigan suit**, below—sharp, narrow, divine. With a green silk ascot shirt (and that perfect little black velvet hat you saw in close-up several pages ago). Suit of Racine fabric; shirt fabric by Fournier. To order, at I. Magnin.



DIOR

Everybody loved Marc Bohan's grey flannel long-jacket suits with grey fox mufflers....This one, right, double-faced in brightest green, over a pleat-front skirt and challis shirt in grey and green stripes, tied at the neck...soft matching hat...grey suède belt...grey suède gloves....Totally turned out. Suit fabric by Buffano. Shirt, of Sache fabric. The turnout, at I. Magnin.



Paris





DIOR

Pretty. That's really the word for it—the softness of everything at Dior. So feminine, and at night especially....**The flirt of the sleeves on a short dress for evening**, left: black mousseline wrapped at the neck, covered and yet...revealing lots of skin beneath, a lot of leg below. Christian Dior Paris-New York. Of Bianchini fabric. Copy late October at Saks Fifth Avenue....**The ease and seduction of ivory satin-crêpe pyjamas**, right—the way the bloused shirt opens and wraps and knots at the waist—the thing just melts. In Abraham silk. To order, I. Magnin. Everything else—the jewelry, the shoes, and the unmistakably feminine fragrance of Miss Dior—is also by Dior. And, as throughout these twenty-six pages, the small, well-defined coifs are by Ara Gallant.

Paris



GIVENCHY

The allure of bareness partially covered—or discovered when a jacket comes off—that's how Givenchy likes to see a woman at night.... **A dress with a beautiful length of back, left**—brown crêpe embroidered with pink-mirror straps and stripes and a cardigan that's a perfect mosaic of mirrors. Abraham fabric; embroidery by Lesage. To order at I. Magnin.... **Wrapped throats are all over Paris but there's something quite irresistible about the twist Givenchy's given the look, right**—a long black organza dress drawn high in back with two streamers circling the neck and tying at one side in a bow (to add to the allure of bareness here: the fragrance of Givenchy III). Givenchy jewelry. Dress, Lesage organza. Copy, later this season, at Lord & Taylor. Original at Wanamaker's, Phila.; I. Magnin.





MILA SCHÖN

Her things are perfection – simple and pure and lovely to be in.... **Her fur-lined pants suit – a mélange of whites and all the textures we love,** left: the b'ouson in double-faced wool, lined with the softest curly lamb, worn over a white cashmere shirt and a white-on-white Argyle knitted vest. Agnola wool. At Martha; I. Magnin.... **Long ivory georgette with insets of lace,** right...so subtle, so beautiful...simply gathered at the wrists and waist, and slit from neckband to waist in back. Dress of Sisan fabric. To order at Martha; I. Magnin.

ITALY



Italy

GALITZINE

What Galitzine's done is to create a total atmosphere of dressing for a woman...like **the classic fall of pink jersey**, left—crossed in front, dropped low in back—never did a dress have less to do with how it looks on the hanger; what you have here is the whole idea of a woman at night: the hair, the pearls, the dress—everything. In Qiana nylon. I. Magnin... **Galitzine's dolman-sleeved black jersey pyjamas**, right, with a deep plunge of cream—easy, fluid, with great sophistication. Bucol silk jersey. To order at I. Magnin. Jewelry by Borbonese for Galitzine.



Italy



VALENTINO

Of all the wonderful things there, suddenly out come ...**the simplest sweater, shirt, and skirt—and the most ravishing thing in the world**, left: thin, thin, thinnest gold lamé, pale and luminous, with a sneaky sort of dazzle...an open-throated brown georgette shirt, peach pearls. Bises lamé; Polidori georgette. Jewelry by Borbonese for Valentino. Sandals by Dal Cò....Delicious peach georgette wrapped at the neck, right—**Valentino's short pleated shirt-dress for evening with its own cardigan patterned in gold sequins**, everything about it so effortless...moving like a dream. In Taroni silk. Both turnouts, at Martha; to order at I. Magnin. Earrings, by Borbonese for Valentino. Coiffures on these and the preceding twenty-four pages, by Ara Gallant.



WHAT MAKES Eleanor

RUN: DISCIPLINE, LOVE, CONVICTION, GEORGE—NOT NECESSARILY IN THAT ORDER

BY DIANE SHAH It's a noisy, crowded room; the umpteenth stop on another campaign trip. Dozens of reporters stand between tiny Eleanor McGovern and her husband, who at this moment is swallowing apple pie à la mode while answering newsmen's questions.

"Just one shot."

The rumpled photographer is persistent; the barricade around her husband formidable. A look of desperation; then, shrugging slightly, she begins excusing herself through the army of baggy, wrinkled pants legs, until, at last, she is seated at the table. SNAP! Eleanor McGovern smiling and nodding at George—as usual.

Some may quibble whether George McGovern is the ideal Presidential nominee, but nobody would hesitate to endorse Eleanor McGovern as the perfect candidate's wife. A tireless campaigner, she packed a lunch and canvassed door-to-door when her husband was bedridden with hepatitis during his 1962 Senate campaign. This year, on the road four days, home three, every week since January, Mrs. McGovern often ends up thousands of miles from George, communicating by mail. The days stretch to eighteen hours, but her composure never fails. When a sweet-talking television personality gushed, "You're the best-looking woman I've ever seen in politics," everyone present sensed disaster. Blue eyes bright, Mrs. McGovern shot back: "Well, we're off to a great start."

Not that campaigning comes easily.

Less than five feet tall, Mrs. McGovern is stepped on in crowds, bashed in the face by women's handbags, overlooked by Secret Service men, and left to fend for herself. At times, like a panicked child, she reaches for George's elbow; only to hold back. It's his show. And she has learned that eventually a security officer will rescue her.

"I'd really rather campaign without George," she said. "The crowds aren't as big, and I prefer to move around alone." Taking orders, she says, is one of the most unsettling aspects of campaign life. "It's my first experience with people telling me what to do, and I feel myself getting a little tense."

Who would know it? The poise is certain, the conversation relaxed, the smile genuine, the handshake surprisingly firm. The temper and the tears she displayed at home when she was younger are rigidly controlled in public. "We sense a lot of tension that wasn't there before," said her twenty-six-year-old daughter Susan, who is Mrs. James Rowen. "But she's a very strong person who doesn't collapse under pressure."

Sitting in the front compartment on a chartered jet to somewhere, Eleanor McGovern anticipated forty-five minutes alone. She hoped. A reporter materialized with "just a few questions, please." Mrs. McGovern smiled, showing a perfect row of white teeth, carefully crossed her pretty legs at the knees, placed hands in her lap, and said, so softly the reporter had to bend close: "Once I'm on the plane, I'm okay. But I'm unfit to live with until then. My children [the "ch" sounds like a soft "t"] needn't even look at my schedule to know when I'm due to leave town." One shy habit: she almost never looks directly at her companion for more than a few words, then her glance escapes out the window.

A stewardess brings a tray with scrambled eggs, steak, rolls, and fruit. It's nearly noon, and Mrs. McGovern has yet to eat. Typical. But she merely picks at the meal. She has lost eight pounds campaigning, down to ninety-two. "I had to put pins on the sides of my evening skirt to hold it up," she said.

The noonday sun is sweltering. The speaker's platform, unshaded. Heat sticks the silk blouse to her body, the stockings to her legs. Eleanor McGovern turns her eyes from her husband, who is speaking, and fixes them on a friend. "What do you think they'd do," she asks, nodding at the crowd, "if I just stood up and took off my skirt?" Underneath the tailored skirt, the candidate's wife wore short shorts.

Whatever the hour, or the temperature, Mrs. McGovern manages to look as if she'd spent the day preparing for an audience with the Queen. Everything, from paste-on eye-lashes to the last tendril of frosted curl, obeys some secret command not to budge. The stride is graceful, the steps small, her knees barely brushing together, as one is taught in modeling school. "Isn't she sweet!" chorus women as she walks by.

"Her size is an advantage," said Mrs. Rowen. "People see her not as a threat but as a cute little person. They are automatically protective."

The appearance is somewhat deceptive. Sweet and cute, yes. But also tough, shrewd, and incredibly self-disciplined. The house in Northwest Washington is invariably neat, without the help of a full-time maid. Whether rushing for a plane—bag slung over her shoulder, sunglasses fixed on top of her head, high-protein candy bars and Nutrament in her suitcase—or spending the day at home, Eleanor McGovern is up at seven in the morning. She has a farmer-sized breakfast with Mary, who is seventeen, and Steven, twenty, the two McGovern children living at home. "I feel they still need me." She ends the day, long (Continued on page 119)



Mrs. George Stanley McGovern
photographed especially for Vogue by Richard Avedon






THE LOOK AT NIGHT

EASY, RACY,
PERSONAL

It's the smallish night we're talking about, the private sort of evening with people one likes and wants to look well for. It can be eight for dinner and talk at someone's house . . . or twenty-two and "don't dress" (meaning do—not too much, not too little). Or it's a movie, a concert, or the theater, with something on later . . . a restaurant . . . a party. In other words, the most familiar, most enjoyable nights of the year. You make an effort for them . . . you take time about your hair, your makeup . . . you have the right jewel . . . the right thing to wear. . . . What's understood, and so attractively this season, is that there is a need for certain clothes at night. And they are here: short, soft, sexy dresses with a little glitter or bareness—for restaurants and don't-dress evenings . . . shirts and pants, offhand as day but luxe-ier—in the fabric or in the putting-together . . . clothes that ease down gracefully into low sofas and pillows. Clothes that don't strain for glamour; they have it, they give it . . . what more could you ask of clothes?

Now here, left, is our idea of a pretty thrilling arrival at a don't-dress evening: a blue-eyed woman making the most of luck with a good strong makeup . . . and a blouson of matching chinchilla. Black shirt and pants underneath, tasseled black beads, Art Deco pieces of jade green and rhinestone . . . a very simple, emphatic look that could make half the women in a room vanish into air. Blouson, by Fernando Sanchez for Revillon; blue-dyed chinchilla. Saks Fifth Avenue. Coifs and makeup, these 12 pages: Franklyn Welsh. Accessories, next to last page.





THE MOST CASUAL NEW WAYS TO LOOK DAZZLING AT NIGHT

For an evening that might go from gallery to bistro and wind up at a friend's, it's great to be in something so completely casual you could almost wear it for day...and probably will, in some other way.

Chopped coat in spiraled raccoon, far left, very dégage with grey flannel pants; if you had on a turtleneck you'd be dressed for any day of the week—it's the ivory satin shirt and hat, the well-defined makeup, the sharp Art Deco jewels that turn the corner for evening. The whole look graphic. And so clean. Coat by Donald Brooks Furs. At Bonwit Teller. Cartier jewels....The definition Shiseido's given the lips is done with Oriental Poppy and their Orange Glo makeup stick is what does the lighting and contouring about the eyes.

Mohair wrap-and-tie coat, near left, like the softest little cardigan over a silk jacquard shirt and cashmere pants—everything black and the most luxurious sweater dressing anywhere in the world—if you were flying to London tomorrow, this is the one thing you wouldn't want to be without. All by Halston. Coat of acrylic, mohair, and nylon (Pomezia fabric), about \$320; shirt, in Pomezia silk, about \$130; pants, in cashmere and Dacron (Amicale Fabrics), about \$100. Martha; Montaldo's; Hudson's; Stanley Korshak; J. Magnin. Accessories, next to last page.

NEW WAYS TO LOOK IN A SHIRT OR SWEATER AT NIGHT

**You're at the movies,
going somewhere after—
to a restaurant, drinks
later, a place where
there's music to listen to,
dance to, talk through . . .
whatever you feel like
on the spur of the moment.
That's the whole point
of dressing like this.**

Very sneaky look, this one, right—simply the most glamorous shirt there is and it's ivory crêpe with lace down the sleeves and skin showing through . . . satin-striped black broadcloth pants, a length of black tulle wrapped around the head. Christian Aujard Paris-New York. Shirt, of Avisco rayon and acetate (Onondaga fabric); wool pants. Each about \$68. At Bonwit Teller; Swanson's; Battelstein's; I. Magnin. . . .

Softest little angora sweater, opposite, brushing the body, skimming the knee—this is what the short dress at night is all about: not overdressed, not underdressed, bare and sexy, with lots of Art Deco jewelry, and lots of clear strong color on the face. Adolfo dress, about \$295. At Saks Fifth Avenue. The coloring's done with Charles Revson's new Ultima II palette: Spungold Bronze Lipstick, Starry Blue Eye Shadow in a Pot shimmered over Copper-shine, and Cocoa Bronze lighting the nails. Accessories, next to last page. Both pages, inside the Murray Hill Theater.





NEW SOFT WAYS TO LOOK IN PANTS AT NIGHT

For an evening at someone's house...throwing darts, shooting pool, deep in cushions and talk...simply being yourself among friends you really enjoy. What you want to be in then are pants and tops like these...everything about them easy and soft, but with a certain luxe—you're dressed.

A really beautiful shirt, left, to wear with velvet pants in the deepest blue there is—white crêpe de Chine, wide pleats, the collar pulled out over a white knit cardigan-jacket...and all so easy you never give it a second thought. From Chester Now by Chester Weinberg. Shirt, (Pomezia fabric), wool cardigan, and rayon pants (Orondaga fabric), about \$222. At Lord & Taylor, Saks Fifth Avenue, Boston, Stanley Kershall, Swanson's, Frost Bros. Photographed in the billiard room of Mr. and Mrs. Milton Greene in New York.

The fuzzy, shimmery jacket and pants, right—a lurex mosaic jacket and a silver flowered shirt—a lovely thing to sit around in, and when you walk, it looks like magic. By Missoni. Jacket and pants, about \$225; shirt, about \$95. Mid-November at Bloomingdale's, Neiman-Marcus, & Magnin. Accessories, next to the last page.





THE LOOK OF A SHORT BLACK DRESS AT NIGHT

**For an evening that
starts as come-for-
drinks-from-7-to-9
and eases on to
a restaurant: black
with a little special
something on top
—bareness—glitter—
a bit of see-through—
very nice for whoever
is across the table. . . .**

Show lots of skin in soft black jersey, far left, cover your head in black satin—and why call it a night when the coffee comes? In this, you've got the whole evening ahead of you. Robert David Morton; stretch jersey, Antron nylon and Lycra. About \$120. At Bloomingdale's; Nan Duskin; Stanley Korshak; I. Magnin. Enter glittering, left: the sweater set at night—actually a one-piece dress with black crêpe pleats swinging from a sequinned top and a Lurex cardigan shimmering over it. (Don't miss the sequinned headband—it throws a lovely light around the face.) By Pat Sandler. Skirt, of acetate and nylon. Turnout, about \$200. At Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman; Lillie Rubin-South and West; Hudson's.

When you want to be a tiny bit revealing and all covered up, how about this lacy black knit, right, with its flirt of soft ruffles and just glimpses of skin—demure and sexy; it never fails. By Nat Kaplan; wool knit. About \$130. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's; Halle's-Cleveland; L. S. Ayres; Jacobson's. Accessories, next to last page. All the girls—coiffed by Franklyn Welsh—dining out at the Isle of Capri in New York.





NEW WAYS TO LOOK BARE OR COVERED AT NIGHT

For an evening at the theater—and a party after...for an evening at the theater—and a restaurant after: this year, whatever turn the evening takes, there's a way to dress for it that's exactly what you want—and need

The most glamorous way you can look, short of a gala, left: a naked little halter wrapped with yards of silver fox—that and the black velvet cloche, the make-up, the earring, the curve of the back...it's knockout. Stole, with foxtails, by Oscar de la Renta Furs. Lord & Taylor; Nan Duskin; Sakowitz; Bullock's Wilshire. Off to dinner in a very, very pretty shirtdress, right—soft, light-navy silk all covered up except for an occasional glimpse of skin beneath the stock where the neckline is slit. The little black satin dinner envelope with the crystal-y clasp is, like the gloves and furs, part of the whole deliciously discreet mood. By Stavropoulos; Abraham silk. Bonwit Teller; Frost Bros. These pages, coils, makeup: Franklyn Welsh. Accessories, next to last page.

KOURKEN PAKCHANIAN



BEAUTY NEWS

International beauty bulletin

what the great hairdressers say; make-up ideas from the experts; the new nail colors—New York, Paris, London, Rome

PARIS AND ROME: The no-lipstick look has finally bitten the dust. Lips glisten like polished jewels. Bright, clean, precise—the lipstick brush will definitely find its way back into our lives. Impossible to do this beautiful mouth without one.

PARIS: "I'll go on using henna. It's done my hair so much good." —Marisa Berenson

LONDON: "Makeup is brighter," our scout reports, "Shocking-pink lipstick is worn by everyone now, with softer, smudgy grey-ish eyes—and bobbed hair."

LONDON: Bianca Jagger, Mick's beautiful Nicaraguan wife, goes to Ricci Burns in the King's Road for hair conditioning . . . a thick, oily almond cream massaged on the scalp, through to the ends of the hair; twenty minutes under a steamer; next an ice-cold towel wrap; then the cream is washed off. Sections of her hair are then twisted into tight little ringlets, and any wispy ends clipped off. Result: super-smooth and glossy hair. . . .

What the great hairdressers say:

PARIS: Carita is aiming for simplicity. "Beautiful, shiny, dancing, smooth hair with ends slightly turned in, half-length . . . such pure line that it becomes sophisticated." . . . Alexandre expects that hair will be made sunny with brins (strands of two or three hairs in lighter color all over the head); luminous and shiny, but definitely not streaky . . . healthy, décontracté hairdos—shorter, simpler. No more artificiality! . . . Laurent plans foreheads covered by bangs, hair tied back with ribbons, square cutting and "blonds. Venetian blond, all shades of light blond." . . . Jean-Louis David is through with curlers. . . . Instead, ends permed and the hair shaped by hand as it dries, using a hand dryer if necessary. . . .

ROME: Straight-across-the-board agreement from Alba, Eve of Roma, Sergio Valente, and Sergio Russo of Alexandre: Geometrical hairdos and blunt cuts. The length never shorter than just under

the chin, never longer than to the shoulder. . . . Light blond shades. . . .

No pale nails anywhere to be seen; dark brilliance is really a must.

PARIS: Deep, flashing pure reds; vermillion and orangey reds; shocking pink; warm, cinnamon reds at Alexandre, Carita, and Jean-Louis David.

ROME: Bright, pure red. . . . Many Romans believe in removing, re-applying the polish every other day (good idea, as it's healthier for the nails). . . . To re-inforce her nails, Contessa Ambra Ceriana paints them daily with colorless iodine.

After the summer sun, baby your skin....

LONDON: June Ritchie, Scarlett O'Hara in the musical *Gone With the Wind*, removes her makeup with Johnson's Baby Lotion; uses Witch Hazel on her face at night with Johnson's Baby Oil around the eyes; nourishes and firms her skin with an egg-white masque every other day. . . .

ROME: Principessa Marina Pignatelli slathers Johnson's Baby Oil all over her body before bathing in a tub scented with Floris's Verbena Bath Oil. . . .

New York: Women

seen leaving the best salons have shorter, neater haircuts this fall—clipped, healthy, shining . . . and, most often, sunny blond. Opposite, an evening makeup keyed to the vibrance of a bright blond head—pure and vivid—blue blue eyes, peach pink cheeks, a bright coral mouth. The lipstick, Fireside Coral from the new Pin-Up Reds collection, by Coty as is all her makeup. More primary coloring: blue-dyed chinchilla battle jacket with dolman sleeves by Fernando Sanchez for Revillon. At Saks Fifth Avenue. The black that points up the brights: a crêpe-backed satin shirt, Blousecraft by Maxime de la Falaise. At Lord & Taylor. Watch by K.J.L. Hair and makeup by Franklyn Welsh. . . .





BEAUTY NEWS

International beauty bulletin

The figure idea is to be slender, not skinny; supple, not muscle-bunched. Means to this end?

ROME: The Yoga craze is big. Marchesa Sandra Verusio makes all her phone calls seated on a white quilted mat, stretching and taking Yoga positions. . . .

PARIS: Marisa Berenson keeps body and mind in shape with Yoga ("good for everything and so relaxing"), dancing (ballet and tap), and singing ("which keeps me well, happy, and fit"). . . .

DENMARK: Count and Countess Guido Carpegna, Mr. and Mrs. Enrico Middleton and their children touring the country by bike. Why Denmark? Superb climate and scenery . . . and no hills! . . .

SAN DIEGO: Family Fitness Fun Nights are a rousing success in the city that calls itself The City in Motion. Co-sponsored by Mrs. Deborah Szekely (of the nearby Golden Door) and Dr. John L. Böyer, the programs are held three evenings a week at San Diego Park and Recreation centers, and for two hours men, women, and children play volleyball and move rhythmically to bouncy contemporary music—manipulating ropes, sticks, colored parachutes, and pastel tires as they shape up rather than sit down during the period between work and dinner. The federally funded program has been drawing upwards of 800 citizens at each session. . . .

NEW YORK: Six years old—the starting time for exercise, according to Naja Cori. The nice lady who trains grown ups to have bodies flexible as tempered steel, using the Pilates school of exercise, now has her own exercise place at 18 West 55th Street. In addition to their mothers and fathers, she is signing up the offspring. Telephone: (212) 582-1855. . . . Gaining adherents—Tai Chi, the ancient Chinese exercise art which is a no-sweat, no special equipment way of pepping up circulation, easing tension. Just out: a new edition of the standard manual on Tai Chi (pronounced Tie Jee), *Tai Chi for Health* by Edward Maisel (Holt, Rhinehart, and Winston, \$6.95).

With a little help from the sun, our friend, opposite, has a spotlight in her mirror—helps to point up the clear, definite coral mouth that keys the new way of making up for day: everything of a tone, all merging golds and spicy pinks. Effective means of creating the look of wide-spaced eyes—restrict the soft Early Marigold shadow to the outer corners only. . . . Another idea new this fall: nails lacquered a deep winey red to contrast with the clear coral pink of the lips. All makeup is by Charles of the Ritz. . . . The tweed dress and coat, shown full-length on page 105, with Van Cleef & Arpels gold and brown wood bracelets, ring, earrings. Hair, William of Kenneth. Accessories, next to last page.

Makeup ideas from the experts

PARIS: Our scout was "aware of real makeup for the first time in a long time at Yves Saint Laurent . . . very attractive, seductive pale faces with a smooth soft sheen. Rouge delicate but definite both over and under the cheekbones. Eyes with a new depth and a way of extending the eye—a tiny strip of false lashes extending slightly beyond the outer corner on the upper lid. A thin smudgy line of coal-grey liner from the outer end of the extended lashes to just below the bottom lashes. No makeup on the inner corner of the eye, the outer corner shaded with blue. Silver shadow smudged under the brow, up onto the temple and on the lid just above the extended false lashes. Lots of very black spiky mascara on the upper and lower lashes." . . . Serge Lutens, in his makeup for Dior, does a translucent, opalescent face. Very clear powder is apparent on the face and not blended in. Against this white background, shadowy half-tints. A dewy mouth but not glossy. . . . Before applying makeup, Lutens's trick: an ice pack to firm the skin, help the makeup to hold. . . . Madame Dulac at Carita likes a powdered, matte look as a background for bright, slightly iridescent green eyelids, bright red lips, bright red rouge blended to merge into a peachy foundation with no dividing line. . . .

ROME: "We are definitely going to a matte face. Not even lipgloss. Matte lipstick, lots of powder. The coloring very apricot, with apricot highlights. The eyes very blue." The word from Gil, the noted Visagiste. . . .

Everywhere, more and more devotees of beauty via natural products. . . .

PARIS: Françoise Teynac, the busy public relations executive at Jansen Interior Decorators, counts water as the major factor in her beauty routine: in the summer, she squashes seaweed into a facial pack when by the sea; now back in Paris she uses seaweed extracts, sponges all over with ice water first thing in the morning, uses an Evian water vaporizer (kept in the fridge) on her face. She does her exercises under water in the bathtub. . . .

LONDON: A recipe for swollen eyelids—"In a reclining position, soothe eyes with cotton compresses dipped in iced milk." . . . Georgiana Russell, daughter of Britain's Ambassador to Spain, shops in Madrid for herbal cleansers and cosmetics from Señora de Villalain, brings them back with her to London. . . .

ROME: Contessa Alberica Attolico and many other Roman beauties get their creams and lotions at Ai Monasteri on Corso Rinascimento, which sells products made from honey and natural herbs by the nuns in a convent near Pisa. . . . Donna Mariella Pallavicino uses four-percent concentrated placenta from the Therapeutical Institute for Placenta, near Siena, as a tonic for the face. . . . Princess Ira Fürstenberg uses Sergio Valente's deep-frozen products made of living cells. . . .



1

As if on the same wavelength, every top hairdresser in New York when asked "What's new for fall, what are you doing?" says "Cutting hair shorter."

Shorter, meaning not shorn but lifting the hair above the shoulder line, where it can swing naturally in a definite "small head" shape. Here, five of the top New York talents illustrate what they mean: 1. Marc Sinclair, who has a loyal following of some of New York's prettiest women, known for their glamorous, carefully tousled manes of hair, is cutting all of them shorter—at least, clearing the shoulders. This look is typical—the hair side-parted, ends rolled under, a little lift (from setting on large rollers) to the top. This bit of height Marc continues to do because "most women need that bit of flattery." . . .

2. Kenneth, probably the best-known American hairdresser and one of the most knowledgeable and down-to-earth of men, sees hair cut as short as the chin—or shorter—and simply combed, like this. "It's the natural evolution for hair. We know so much about taking care of it now—we want to show its healthy condition." . . . 3. The Vidal Sassoon salon made its name on sharp, sensational geometric shaping of hair. Now, artistic director Roger Thompson believes in good-looking short cuts worked out for the individual. Here, he finishes a smooth, interestingly cut cap for pretty Playboy bunny Barbara Mack. . . . 4. Kenneth believes a wig is a sensible answer for a girl who occasionally wants to wear her hair really short. The one Kenneth cut for model Gunilla, here, gives her a completely different appearance than in photo 2. 5. André, in his Cinandré salon, cuts and cares for the hair of lots of the racy-looking girls, the pretty models of New York. He is a specialist in the "quick form" of hairdressing—a well-cut shape that can be blown dry and doesn't need setting. Here, André's shortened coif with bangs that can be brushed back as the mood strikes. . . . 6. Suga, famous in the fashion magazine and advertising world for his superb styling of hair for photographs (such as this one) has now opened a salon where customers can get the same authoritative treatment. And what is the first thing Suga is doing to his customers? Cutting and shaping their hair shorter to show the shoulder line and lovely length of neck. . . .





"Hair should be to the chin—no longer" —Kenneth

"Hair shorter, shaped so you can
comb it different ways" —André of Cinandrè

"I'm cutting those long manes of hair
drastically" —Marc Sinclaire

"Shorter hair opens up a woman's face"
—Roger Thompson of Vidal Sassoon

"I like hair to finish above the shoulder" —Suga

"A wig, shaped really short, makes sense" —Kenneth



SHORT CUTS

FIVE OF NEW YORK'S TOP HAIRDRESSERS
AGREE—HAIR WILL BE SHORTER THIS FALL



Jon Voight

A PALE, LUMINOUS BUT BOTHERED THIRTY-THREE, AN ACTOR WHO PLAYS FEW PARTS—EVEN IN REAL LIFE—JON VOIGHT, THE GAWKY SON OF A PRO GOLFER, A STAR SINCE MIDNIGHT COWBOY, WHO WORRIES ABOUT HIS FACE'S CHEATING HIM OF MEATY ROLES, IS THE DEAD-CENTER HIT OF DELIVERANCE, A VIOLENT, CONTROVERSIAL MOVIE MADE FROM JAMES DICKEY'S BEST-SELLING NOVEL, FILMED IN THE GEORGIA HILLS. (ONE SEQUENCE, OPPOSITE, FAR RIGHT.) OF THIS FILM PARABLE ABOUT SURVIVAL, VOIGHT SAID: "LIVING IS A DEEPER, BLOODIER BATTLE THAN WE EVER REALIZE."

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT



PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . November 7, cut-off date for the election agony, a mixture of boredom and just plain anxiety, that is unprecedented in American history.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . .

CHRISTOPHER LEE, left, the silky-sinister British actor who specializes in horror movies, but is outdrawn in the second

crest of scare films flooding American theaters by a rat, the star of Ben and Willard, one of the top-grossing performers of the past two years. . . .

VANCE PACKARD'S new book A Nation of Strangers about the strange twilight-zone effect of job-nomadism on Americans, rootless and frightened.

. . . Severe, geometric, incredibly beautiful, the Navaho blankets, from the collections of artists in New York at the André Emmerich Gallery, downtown, opening September 27 with a bus provided to carry gallery-goers to a larger exhibition at The Brooklyn Museum.

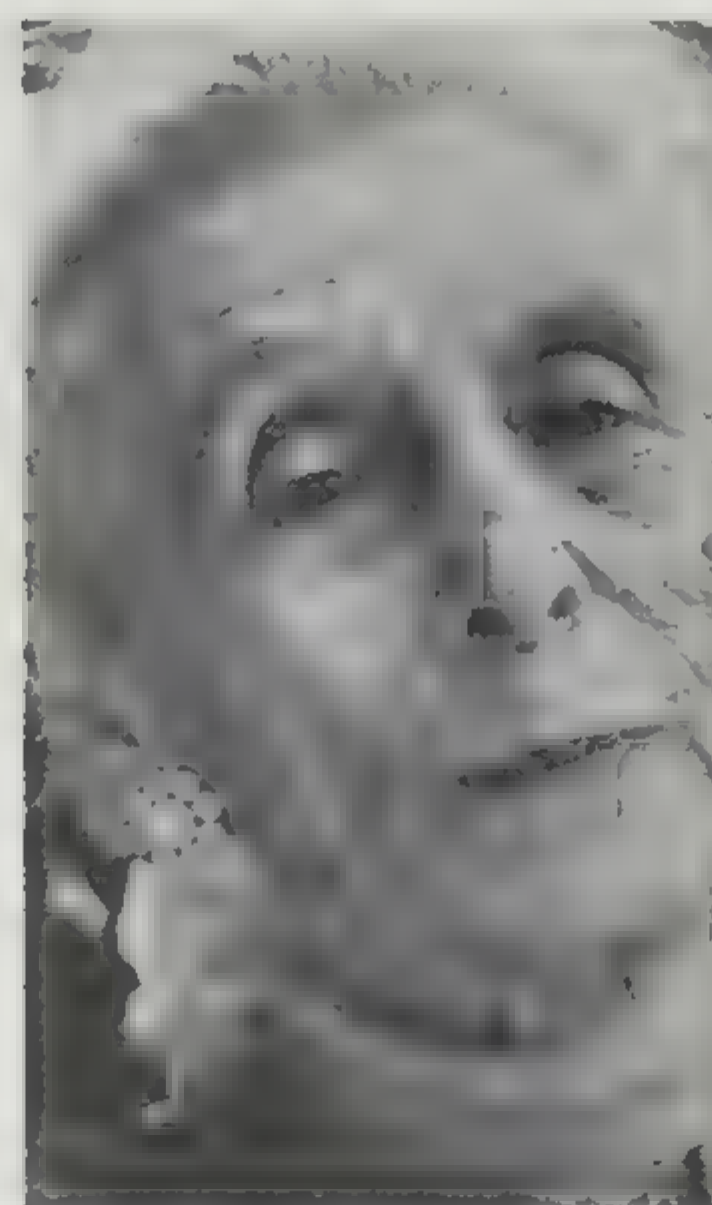
PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . CHERRIES, EATEN, REPLACING COPPER BRACELETS, WORN, AS THE HOME REMEDY FOR ARTHRITIS.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The growing, fierce competition between the United States and Russia for the favors of **JAPAN**, perhaps the crucial courtship of this century. . . . Twice Over Lightly, the new book about Manhattan by Helen Hayes and Anita Loos, really at their funniest discovering the best food in New York in the kitchens of tugs and garbage scows. . . . **DAVID BOWIE**, below, the latest British rock star, a sensation, making his first major American tour, stopping September 28 at Carnegie Hall in New York—with Alice Cooper and Mick Jagger, part of what's now being called "drag rock."



PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . THE EXTRAORDINARY REVIVAL OF MOVIE MAGAZINES, WITH EVERYONE READING THEM. EVEN ETHEL KENNEDY, CORNERED IN HER LIMOUSINE BY MOVIE-MAG REPORTERS, STILL ON CRUTCHES FROM A SKI ACCIDENT, SAID, "WAIT. LET ME COMB MY HAIR. I WANT TO LOOK MY BEST FOR PHOTOPLAY."

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The number of American psychiatrists now experimenting with ESP and **THE OCCULT**, partly in reaction to the dying group-therapy craze and partly out of a new respect for the power of the mind. . . . A brilliant, fascinating, and sloppy novel, G., by John Berger, the British art critic, who seems to find more sex lurking in history than anyone would have supposed. . . . **BILL COSBY**, funny again with his extravagant monologues, CBS Television, Monday evenings, 10:00 EST.



PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . .

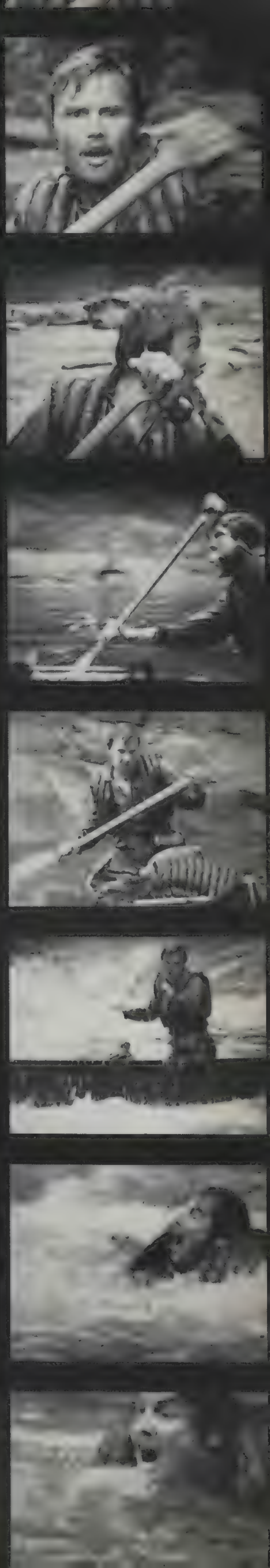
R. HANDFORTH ZINSSER, ninety-one, and the exhibition of her paintings and sculpture, never shown before, opening September 19 at the Bodley Gallery in New York, a fierce and remarkable private vision.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . .

SOPHIA LOREN, right, now at work with Peter O'Toole on the film version of the musical hit Man of La Mancha: "When I first started making movies, I couldn't act. There was even a time when I



couldn't speak English. But I could always sing. I'm from Naples." . . . The Autobiographical Writings of Hermann Hesse, the German writer who hypnotizes the young, and the almost fairy-tale magic of his life: superior reading. . . . **TINA TURNER'S** stomping new album Feel Good, just what the doctor ordered. . . . Dr. Joyce Brothers's reassuringly soppy new book that tells how to be both "feminine" and "liberated" and still get what you want: The Brothers System for Liberated Love and Marriage. **LEONARD BERNSTEIN** conducting the opener, Carmen, at New York's Metropolitan Opera, September 19—cigars, cigarettes, and fireworks. . . . "I'm O.K./You're O.K.," the catchphrase of this year's fad therapy, and the school kid with a T-shirt that read: "Just tell me I'm O.K."



August (Conscience)

August 1914, by Alexander Solzhenitsyn (his signature appears above), is perhaps one of the most important novels of this century. Here, the author tells of his life in the country that has punished him, destroyed his work, refused him the Nobel Prize he won for literature, the country that he, in turn, would not give up—the Russia whose past anguish and passion fill his new book.

I was born at Kislovodsk on 11th December, 1918. My father had studied philological subjects at Moscow University, but did not complete his studies, as he enlisted as a volunteer when war broke out in 1914. He became an artillery officer on the German front, fought throughout the war, and died in the summer of 1918, six months before I was born. I was brought up by my mother, who worked as a shorthand-typist, in the town of Rostov-on-Don, where I spent the whole of my childhood and youth, leaving the grammar school there in 1936. Even as a child, without any prompting from others, I wanted to be a writer; and, indeed, I turned out a good deal of the usual juvenilia. In the 1930's I tried to get my writings published, but I could not find anyone willing to accept my manuscripts. I wanted to acquire a literary education, but in Rostov such an education that would suit my wishes was not to be obtained. To move to Moscow was not possible, partly because my mother was alone and in poor health and partly because of our modest circumstances. I therefore began to study at the department of mathematics at Rostov University, where it proved that I had a considerable aptitude for mathematics. But, although I found it easy to learn this subject, I did not feel that I wished to devote my whole life to it. Nevertheless it was to play a beneficial role in my destiny later on, and on at least two occasions it rescued me from death. For I would probably not have survived the eight years in camps if I had not, as a mathematician, been transferred to a so-called *sharashka*, where I spent four years; and later, during my exile, I was allowed to teach mathematics and physics, which helped to ease my existence and made it possible for me to write. If I had had a literary education it is quite likely that I should not have survived these ordeals but would instead have been subjected to even greater pressures. Later on, it is true, I began to get some literary education, as well; this was from 1939 to 1941, during which time, along with university studies in physics and mathematics, I also studied by correspondence at the Institute of History, Philosophy and Literature in Moscow.

A few days before the outbreak of the war, in 1941, I graduated from the department of physics and mathematics at Rostov University. At the beginning of the war, owing to weak health, I was detailed to serve as a driver of horse-drawn vehicles during the winter of 1941-1942. Later, because of my mathematical knowledge, I was transferred to an artillery school, from which, after a crash course, I was graduated in November, 1942. Immediately after this I was put in command of an artillery position-finding company and in this capacity served without a break right in the front line until I was arrested in February, 1945. This happened in East Prussia, a region which is linked with my destiny in a remarkable way. As early as 1937, as a first-year student, I chose to write a descriptive essay on "The Samsonov Disaster" of 1914 in East Prussia and studied material on this; and, in 1945, I myself went to this area (at the time (Continued on page 124)



Count Leo Tolstoy (1828-1910), above, the great humanist and novelist, dressed as a peasant. In the book *August 1914*, he is a towering figure, a symbol of the rising hopes of all Russians before World War I. Right: Peasant family.



SOLZHENITSYN

THE MAN, HIS FATE, AND HIS COUNTRY



Czar Nicholas II (1868-1918), reviewing troops, below; with Alexandra, the Czarina, below left;



and in uniform, with Alexis, the Czarevitch, his son, right—all of them soon to be assassinated.



*All the more
unpredictable and surprising
to us will be
the course of future events."*

SOLZHENITSYN



Defeat for the Russian army came within two weeks after the start of the war, in 1914, in East Prussia and, with it, came massive disorder, starvation, and revolution.



THE NO-DIET an interview with Dr. Abraham Weinberg that tells food addicts how to think thin ... be thin

DIET

BY ELLEN SWITZER

Should cheese fondue, beef stroganoff and strawberry shortcake ever be considered as drugs? "Definitely yes," says Dr. Abraham Weinberg, a practicing New York psychiatrist and Director of Psychiatry at the Morton Prince Clinic for Hypnotherapy. Of the many chronically overweight patients he has helped to lose pounds and to keep them off, most, he maintains, use and abuse fattening foods as drugs to relieve tensions and anxiety, to overcome depression, or even to fight boredom. "A fat person can use food in much the same way as an alcoholic uses liquor or a drug-dependent patient uses barbiturates, tranquilizers, or amphetamines," he adds.

According to the best available public-health statistics, at least 64 million Americans over 25 are overweight, making obesity the most serious health hazard in the United States. Obesity is regarded as a major contributing factor to heart, artery, and kidney disease, and diabetes, among other disorders. It can even lead to sexual dysfunction. What's more, we tend to regard thinness as a status symbol. Surveys have shown that many personnel directors and college admissions officers hold unconscious prejudices against fat applicants. Sexual attractiveness and a lithe, trim figure are considered synonymous by most men and women.

No wonder, then, that the "miracle diet" book becomes an overnight best seller. These best sellers usually have short lives, however. Within months they are often replaced on the book racks by yet another group of paperbacks promising instant, effortless weight loss. A check with the publishers of two of the 1969 best-selling weight-loss books showed them to be out of print in the spring of 1972. One crash diet tends to follow another in popularity. It usually has an impressive title, and is promptly disclaimed by its supposed originator. The Mayo Clinic insists that it had nothing to do with the once popular "Mayo Diet." The Air Force disclaims the "Air Force Diet" (also known as "The Drinking Man's Diet") and the Royal Canadian Air Force says it never even heard of the diet that bears its name. Then there was *Calories Don't Count*, a book that got its author into serious trouble with the law, and the "grapefruit diet." Besides books, over-the-counter diet pills appear and disappear from the market, as do various reducing machines. Sometimes the government stops production because of fake advertising claims. More frequently, consumers just become disillusioned and stop buying the books and products because they don't work.

According to Dr. Weinberg, anyone who could invent a diet, pill, or machine that made pounds and inches disappear and still allowed the food-addicted patient to eat whatever he or she craved would become an instant millionaire. "However, the day of the miracle cure for obesity is as far away as the day we find the fountain of youth," he says. "One of the problems the food addict faces every day of his life is that, like every other addict, he constantly craves his particular brand of poison: the high-calorie, high-fat delicacies he loves. And like any other type of addict, he tends to increase the dosage with time unless he breaks the vicious cycle of more weight, more discouragement, and more food."

Many fat people find that they can lose weight periodically. They go on a crash diet, and get rid of 20, 30, or even 50 pounds. Then the "Yo-Yo Syndrome" (so named by Dr. Neil Solomon of Johns Hopkins) sets in. They gain back the weight they lost, and often more, in a few

months. After a stiff warning from their physician (or employer or lover), they start all over again to lose weight. Authorities on obesity have said that this kind of weight-loss weight-gain way of life is even more unhealthy than constant overweight.

There needn't be these ups and downs, Dr. Weinberg says. There are methods of taking and keeping off unhealthy, unattractive extra pounds permanently, and relatively painlessly. Dr. Weinberg's system involves the usual ingredients of any good weight-loss program: a physical check-up to find out whether the patient has a glandular problem (this is very rare) and a physician-approved plan of eating and exercise. However, there is an added ingredient: a special form of autosuggestion that will help the patient to dispense with whipped-cream cakes, rich sauces, and other calorie-laden delicacies without undue psychological or physical distress.

Before you even start the program, Dr. Weinberg advises that you should attempt to analyze your own *feelings* about food. These often subconscious notions and impulses, which probably originated in early childhood, are a frequent cause why some patients are chronically overweight. Here are just a few:

IT'S WRONG TO WASTE FOOD. Certainly overloading your plate or allowing unneeded food to spoil in the refrigerator is wasteful and uneconomical. However, storing the food in your body as excess fat is worse. Most adults have been told as children to "clean your plate" or "aren't you ashamed of not eating your meat . . . just think of those starving Indians." The point is that a clean plate is not a sign of special virtue and that the starving Indians aren't going to get the uneaten food in any case. For the overweight, feelings of guilt about "wasted" food are counterproductive.

If you feel that you simply cannot get over the guilt, buy foods that don't spoil easily. Also, be sure to cook and serve a little less food than you feel you will need; then the problem of having to throw it out won't even come up.

LOOK AT FOOD AS NUTRITION . . . NOT AS A REWARD OR A SYMBOL OF LOVE. All of us have learned to associate food with happy family holidays. The Christmas or Thanksgiving turkey, the Easter ham, the chocolate birthday cake all have special places in our lives. The good little girl gets the candy bar. Nobody ever offered anyone's child a carrot stick for not crying in the dentist's chair or for helping dad mow the lawn. When we were accepted at the college of our choice or got that job promotion, someone offered to throw a party for us . . . complete with a great meal. So, naturally, food means appreciation, attention, festivity, and love. Fattening food is eaten more often for its symbolic meaning than because anyone needs it for good nutrition. . . . Instead, go to a concert or a special movie. Play a record you enjoy. On a hot day, dive into a sparkling pool or lake. On a cold day, sit in front of a roaring fire with a good book. Make love. *Don't eat.*

TRY TO IMAGINE YOURSELF AS A THIN PERSON. DON'T THINK OR ACT FAT. Many chronically overweight people have an image of themselves as the "jolly fat man or woman." They know, of course, that being happy and being fat are usually contradictory states. However, they have

adapted themselves so well to the popular notion that they have almost begun to fool themselves. After all, who ever asked the thinnest man in the club to play Santa Claus at the Christmas party?

If you are serious about wanting to lose weight, you will have to change your image of yourself. If you were thin in the past, find the best-looking picture of yourself (even if it is fifteen years old), have copies made, and pin them up where you'll see them frequently: next to your mirror, on the inside of your clothes closet, and, most importantly, on your refrigerator. If you've never been thin, find a picture of someone who looks like you . . . but who is thin, and use that in the same way. Once you start losing weight, think about changing your dress style. Overweight people wear clothes that look almost like uniforms, because they feel inconspicuous and, therefore, comfortable. Once the pounds have started to come off, colors should become brighter or paler—dresses can have some cling in the fabric. If you continue to think of the old fat image of yourself, you will almost certainly gain back the weight you lost to conform to the "thin" picture in your mind.

STOP EQUATING PLUMPNESS WITH HEALTH. In some of the less developed countries of the world, the plump young woman may be considered more desirable than her slim sister. The portly gentleman is generally regarded as more successful than his thin colleague. The reason for these opinions is usually quite obvious: in a place where food is scarce and only the moderately wealthy can afford to eat enough calories, plumpness may well indicate higher social status and better health.

Certainly we also equated a comfortably padded body with health a few generations ago. In Jane Austen's *Northanger Abbey*, one character explains to another why her husband should remain at Bath to get the benefit of all the spa has to offer: "A neighbor of ours, Dr. Skinner, was here for his health last winter and came away quite stout . . ." she says. ". . . Dr. Skinner and his family were here three months; so I tell Mr. Allen he must not be in a hurry to get away." Presumably, one of Mr. Allen's complaints was that, in Mrs. Allen's opinion, he wasn't stout enough to be healthy.

Thanks to the American Heart Association and other groups and individuals providing us with medical information, we now know that being "stout" can mean unfortunate pathology, rather than health. Rationally, we have accepted that point of view. But have we really? How often lately have we gently pinched the dimpled knee of a baby and said: "My, what a fine, chubby, healthy child." The chances are that we are looking at an overweight baby, who may grow into a chronically fat adult. Eighty percent of children who are overweight during their first ten years will continue to be so as adults.

This brings up another point. If we have weight problems ourselves, we certainly do not want to turn our children into food addicts. However, parents worry terribly if they feel that a child is too thin and not nearly enough if it is plump. Mothers feel that youngsters should have "a few pounds to spare" in case they get sick and lose weight. Actually, a child who loses weight during an illness usually gains it back within a few weeks of recovery. On the other hand, obesity can become chronic. Pushing food at children, insisting that they must eat in order to grow strong, conditions them to wrong eating habits.

DON'T USE DRUGS AS A CRUTCH IN ORDER TO LOSE WEIGHT UNLESS YOUR PERSONAL PHYSICIAN FEELS THAT, FOR A VERY SPECIFIC MEDICAL REASON, YOU NEED THEM. If we look at overweight as a food addiction, we have to look at the patient as a potentially addictive personality. Any specialist dealing with addicts knows that such patients can switch from one habit-forming and physiologically addictive chemical to another. The alcoholic may go on tranquilizers or sleeping pills. The pill addict may choose alcohol. The usual drugs taken as appetite depressants by people trying to lose weight are some form of amphetamine. Amphetamines may not be physically addictive but they certainly are psychologically habituating. In order to remain effective, the dose is often increased. Large doses of amphetamines are exceedingly harmful to most people. In some countries (Sweden, for one) they have been outlawed, even for medical use, except in very rare instances of a physical disease called narcolepsy. Several states in this country are trying to bring amphetamines under close control by asking physicians, through medical societies, not to prescribe them for weight loss.

Amphetamines may seem to make it easier to eat less in the early stages of a diet, but they soon lose their effectiveness as appetite suppressants. They do, however, continue to act as mood elevators, and so the overweight person, who may have a tendency to depression in any case, continues to take them to make himself or herself feel better. Along that road lies disaster. The youngsters had it right in the first place: "Speed kills." (The popular name for amphetamines is "speed.")

IF YOU ARE ON A DIET DON'T TALK ABOUT IT, ESPECIALLY NOT TO OTHER OVERWEIGHT PEOPLE. One of the reasons many people feel so "down" while they are losing weight is that they are thinking of the whole process in terms of deprivation. Since they are the ones who are setting the painful limits, the only people towards whom they can feel anger are themselves. Anger turned towards one's self is one of the principal causes of depression . . . and depression, in turn, is one of the major causes of overeating.

Talking to others about the need to curtail one's eating will rarely produce a helpful response. The general reaction will add up to "Oh you poor thing . . . having to live on lettuce and dandelion greens." Of course, you are not living on rabbit food, but it's quite easy to allow yourself to believe that you are. Self-pity can also lead to depression and midnight raids on the refrigerator. So it's best not to discuss what you are doing with anyone. Your friends and family will notice soon enough when you have shed all those extra pounds.

TRY TO FIND SOME FORM OF EXERCISE YOU WILL REALLY ENJOY. Many overweight people are told to take some planned exercise every day. For reasons that are not entirely clear, most psychological tests indicate that people who are overweight dislike most physical activity. Not eating the foods you like plus being forced into some form of calisthenics adds one kind of unpleasantness to another. This, too, can bring on the cycle of self-pity, depression, and the need for comforting food.

Almost anyone can find a form of exercise to really enjoy. One would rarely think of a walk up Fifth Avenue in New York or through Fisherman's Wharf in San Francisco as exercise, for instance, but it is. Looking at clothes on the slender mannequins in store windows may also help you project that thin image of yourself that you need. For those who don't like city streets, bird watching (which involves walking) or gardening is exercise. So is dancing or swimming or skating. There is usually no need to put on an old sweat suit and jog grimly around the block. You can work off as many calories doing something you like to do.

WHEN YOU ARE TRYING TO CONCENTRATE ON LOSING WEIGHT, DON'T TRY TO BREAK SOME OTHER UNDESIRABLE HABIT AT THE SAME TIME. Getting psychologically conditioned to becoming and staying thin is difficult enough without adding other challenges. So while you're losing weight, don't also try to give up smoking, for instance. Also, try not to make any drastic changes in your other habits. The week you start a new job or break your engagement or send your last child off to boarding school is not the best time to start a weight-loss program. Wait until everything else has settled down to manageable proportions, and then start your psychological weight-loss conditioning. The calmer you are, the better your chances of success.

Once you have gone through this conditioning process, Dr. Weinberg has a specific set of psychological exercises he suggests should be used before meals and at other times when you might be tempted to overeat. Actually, this form of autosuggestion works in a great many situations in which inner pressures force a person to act against his own best interests. For instance, Dr. Weinberg uses a similar system to help people who have trouble sleeping get a good night's rest (see *Vogue*, February 15, 1972). For food addicts, he proposes this plan:

1. About half an hour before a meal, lie down and look upward, toward the ceiling.
2. Focus your eyes inward, as well as upward (as if you were trying to look at the bridge of your nose). Keep breathing naturally.
3. Allow your eyelids to close slowly, still looking up.
4. Count backwards from ten to one, in rhythm with your breathing.
5. At the count of one, take a very deep breath and let it out slowly.
6. Let your body go limp and loose. Relax. (Continued on page 123)

NEW TAKE ON THE SHIRTDRESS FOR DAY

For all the reasons you wear pants—and will keep right on wearing them—this year you're going to want to be in a dress as well. A shirty, unwaisted dress . . . sometimes held by a narrow belt . . . sometimes pleated . . . sometimes two pieces . . . sometimes over a sweater or shirt. But the feeling you get is the same as being in pants—the ease is there, the raciness, the line.

Line is the point . . . the line of the navy gabardine shirtdress, both pages, dolman-sleeved, stitched to the hip, then pleated, with a white turtleneck underneath and dolman-sleeved navy shirt-coat . . . the line of the hat pulled down on the head . . . and the line of this shorter length of hair under it—the whole look has that ease and definition that is fashion today. . . . Coat and dress, by Oscar de la Renta. Dress, of wool loomed in America (Anglo Fabrics), about \$260. Coat, of wool chinchilla (Meyer Woolens fabric), about \$345. Wool and angora sweater: Something! by Oscar de la Renta, about \$26. All at Bergdorf Goodman. Coat and dress also at Wanamaker's, Phila.; Marshall Field; Swanson's; Balliet's; I. Magnin. Link necklace by Van Cleef & Arpels. Accessories, next to last page. The coiffures here, and on the next six pages, by William of Kenneth. . . . As for the hair itself, when it looks this thick and shining, there's usually a good conditioner in its life—if you haven't tried Breck Basic Silk 'N Hold, do; it silken, adds body . . . holds the line.









NEW TAKE ON THE SHIRTDRESS

It moves well.

**It's relaxed, casual—
the way separates
are—but very
pulled together.**

It feels right.

Long pullover and swinging skirt, far left: the two-piece dress in soft, pale apricot jersey . . . off-white silk shirt underneath, narrow belt at the waist. By Dalani, of Orlon and polyester (Pyramid fabric). About \$58. At Franklin Simon.

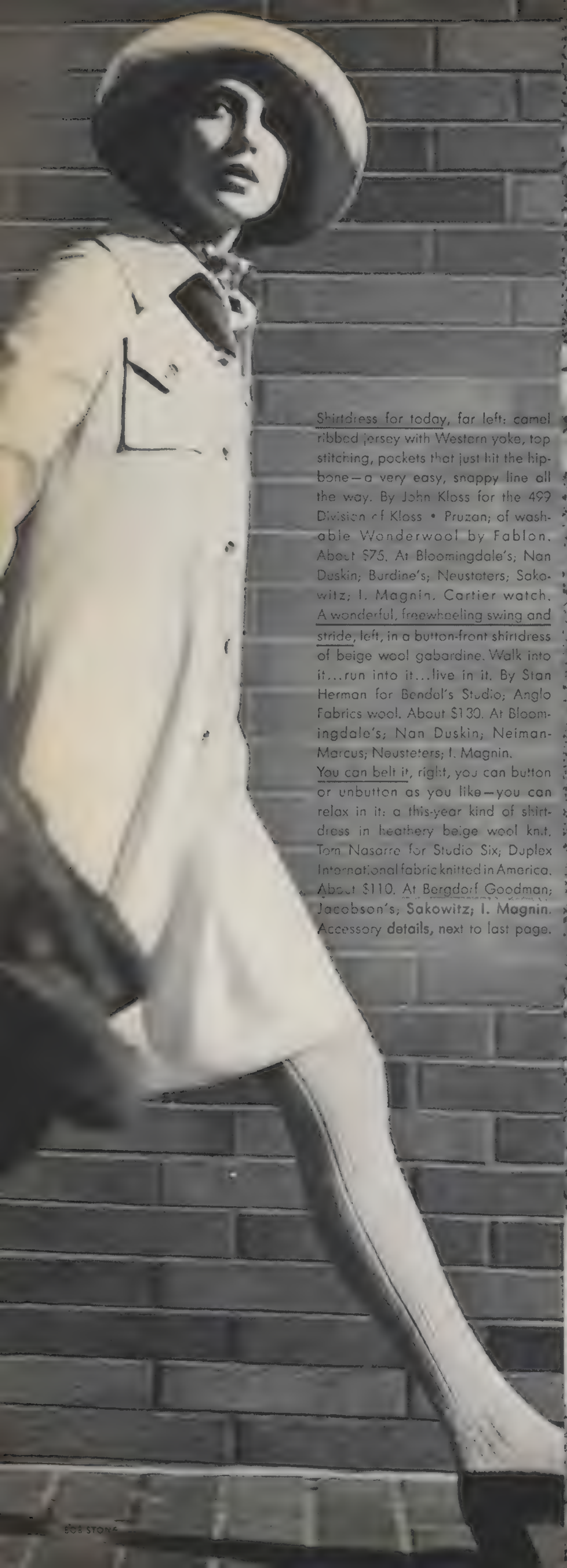
Stitched to the hip and pleated, left, a perfect shirtdress in oatmeal tweed—buttons down the front, narrow brown leather belt—pulled together in a very attractive way, with a wrap-and-tie coat . . . soft felt hat, rolled-down knitted beige gloves, wood-and-gold bangles. By Nina Ricci Boutique, of wool loomed in America. Dress about \$185; coat, about \$315. At Saks Fifth Avenue; O'Neil's; Gus Mayer; Dayton's; Harzfeld's. Van Cleef & Arpels jewels. Accessory details, next to last page of this issue.



NEW TAKE ON THE SHIRTDRESS

There's a neatness and snap
to these dresses...it's in the
small, slack, unwaisted fit.
In the way they move on the
body and with the body.
In the way they're worn:
the soft hat...the soft,
patterned scarf at the neck...
the soft, flat envelope bag...
the knitted glove.





Shirt-dress for today, far left: camel ribbed jersey with Western yoke, top stitching, pockets that just hit the hipbone—a very easy, snappy line all the way. By John Kloss for the 499 Division of Kloss • Pruzan; of washable Wonderwool by Fablon. About \$75. At Bloomingdale's; Nan Duskin; Burdine's; Neustaters; Sakowitz; I. Magnin. Cartier watch. A wonderful, freewheeling swing and stride, left, in a button-front shirt-dress of beige wool gabardine. Walk into it...run into it...live in it. By Stan Herman for Bendel's Studio; Anglo Fabrics wool. About \$130. At Bloomingdale's; Nan Duskin; Neiman-Marcus; Neustaters; I. Magnin. You can belt it, right, you can button or unbutton as you like—you can relax in it: a this-year kind of shirt-dress in heathery beige wool knit. Tom Nasarre for Studio Six; Duplex International fabric knitted in America. About \$110. At Bergdorf Goodman; Jacobson's; Sakowitz; I. Magnin. Accessory details, next to last page.







NEW TAKE ON THE SHIRTDRESS

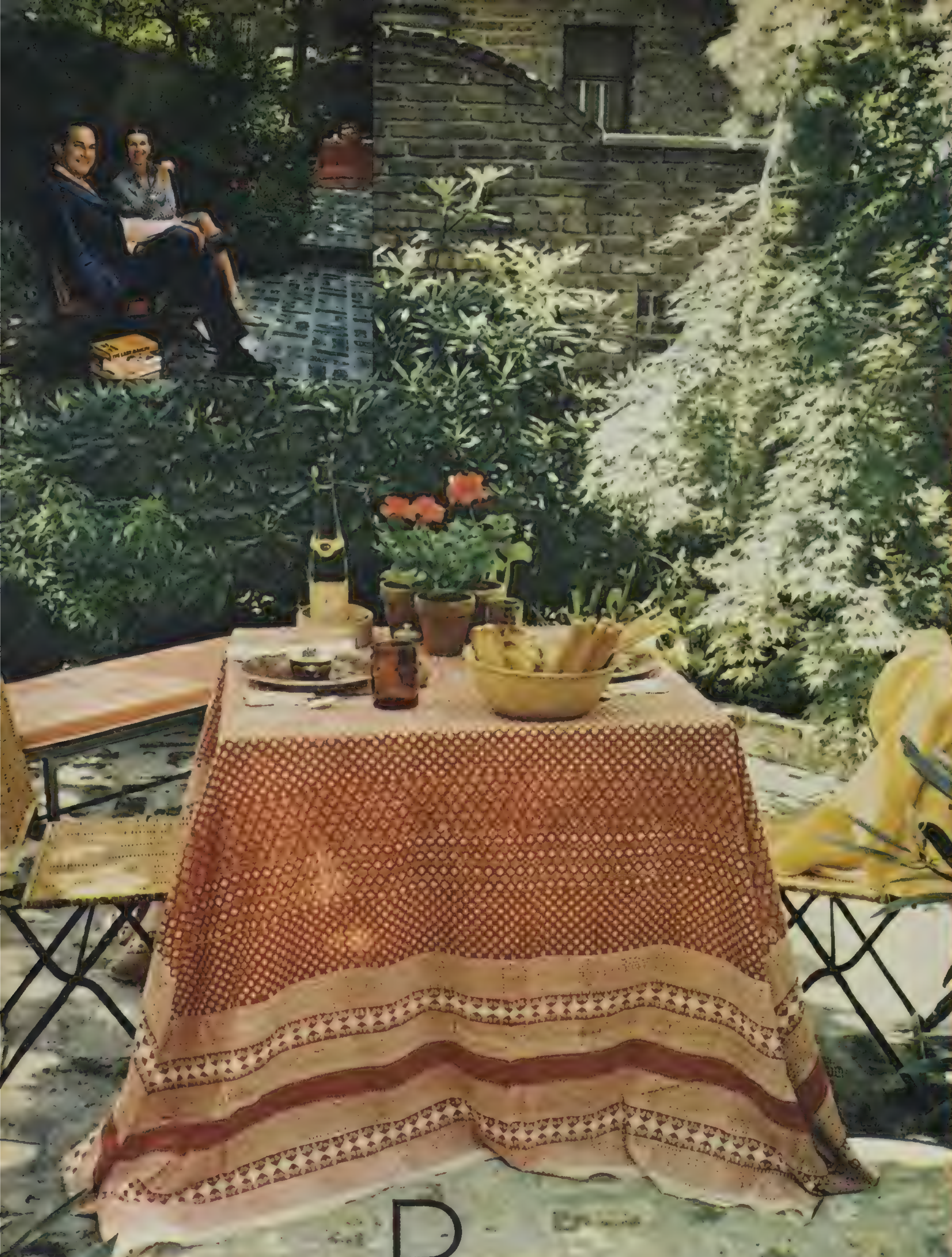
It may look like separates and feel like separates; it may even come in pieces... but the way it all hangs together, you know you're in a this-year dress

Two-piece dress with the look of a shirt, pull, and skirt, extreme left—purple knit with white shirt collar and sleeves, an orange streak running down one side. By Rudi Gernreich for Harmon Knitwear, of wool knitted in America. About \$115. Elizabeth Arden Salon, N. Y.; Nan Duskin; Swanson's; Bullock's Wilshire. Cartier watch.

The shirt-and-jumper dress, opposite top—black wool knit with a tawny leather belt over a white crêpe shirt. By Frances Henaghan; double-knit jumper (Pacific Coast Knitting Mills fabric) and polyester shirt (Hargro fabric). About \$95. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Higbee's; Harzfeld's; Sakowitz.

The dress over a sweater, opposite below—pale mushroom fleece with a shirty, over-blouse line to it and a brown wool turtleneck underneath. By Shannón Rodgers for Jerry Silverman; of Anglo Fabrics wool, loomed in America. About \$145. Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman; L. S. Ayres; Marshall Field; Famous-Barr; Henry's; J. W. Robinson. Van Cleef & Arpels bracelets.

The dress that's like being in sweaters, left—with a shirt underneath. Brown top with striped sleeves in oranges, creams, grey, black, and white; matching striped skirt. Wool knit dress by Gino Paoli, about \$80. At Elizabeth Arden Salon, N. Y.; Montaldo's; Jacobson's. We added the shirt. Accessories, next to the last page.



Behind the black lacquer door in the sienna-pink house, the luxury of calm, comfort, and order. In the middle of the city, a retreat from its chaos. "Oscar and I love this house. We cannot wait to get home at the end of the day, love to have friends in for small dinners. I have lunch here as often as I can. The joy of a house is to be in it as much as possible. Once I close that door there is such peace" . . . and the perfection achieved only by a tireless attention to minute details, at which Françoise de la Renta excels.

Indoor-outdoor living in town. The garden, *this page*: the De la Rentas, top. Lunch in a cove of greens: a basket of breads on a patterned cloth, tumblers for wine. Left, Françoise gardening. Opposite, the dining room opens onto the garden. Tables pull up to the banquettes for dining. Françoise, top, before a party

TY RETREAT

The Manhattan town house of
Mr. and Mrs. Oscar de la Renta





Françoise, above, in one of the caftans she always wears for parties at home—this, from Oscar's new collection. Above left: In the living room, which runs the depth of the house, two sea-tortoise shells hang on a mirrored wall above a long banquette. Cube tables from Santo Domingo are covered in squares of horn. Left: Eighteenth-century Portuguese secretary inlaid with mother-of-pearl stands between windows overlooking the garden. In the foreground, a Chinese figure of a deer, one of three in the living room. Facing page: At the opposite end of the living room—where cymbidium orchids bloom six months of the year—a Coromandel chest mounted on a modern steel frame and a tawny fur rug laid over sisal matting. A Helen Frankenthaler painting hangs over the patchwork-quilt-covered sofa; over the mantel facing it, a Louis XIII mirror.



Lighting is the important thing. It must be relaxing, right for people. Ideally, a woman should look well without makeup." Here, perfect lighting is by flattering up-lights in corners and between windows; candles; glittering silvered bulbs in square crystal blocks—these modern Italian lamps are used in pairs on three glass-and-plastic trestle tables.



CITY RETREAT





There should always be some small surprise for guests—a new way of doing the flowers . . . or something different with the food."

Françoise de la Renta is keenly aware of those delights to the senses in which a house must be rich. . . . "I use Guerlain's potpourri Burning Essence in the hallways from six in the evening on, so that the whole house smells marvelous. . . . There is always a fire going in the fireplaces until I stop them—reluctantly—in May. . . . I spend hours fixing and re-fixing the flowers for a party. There are always flowers in the living room, growing plants everywhere." Opposite page: "We had the paper for the bedroom made in Hong Kong, hand-painted exactly as the old Chinese papers were, and done to the exact dimensions of the room so there is no waste. At those prices, you don't want to waste an inch." *This page above, left:* "Fixing the flowers is my job in the kitchen. Oscar is the expert on food—a superb, creative cook." *Above right:* The bar is set up below a collection of tortoise shells, which cover the walls of the stair hall on the living-room level. *Above:* "Zazie and K are a part of the life of the house, all over it, and always with us." *This page left, above:* Reflected in the mirrored wall of the entrance, a Hans Hartung flanked by four Feito ink drawings. Long table covered in tortoise shell, collection of blue-and-white porcelains. *Left:* "My bathroom is big and white with mirror and glorious light."

VOGUE'S OWN TIP-OFF

We're hunchy on promises, winners in theater, art, movies, music. Score us out: ★=winners, ▲=maybes, ■=disasters

THEATER			
SCORE			PROMISES
★	▲	■	CLUE
■			New York Shakespeare Festival Public Theater opens New York season with WINNING HEARTS AND MINDS. Paula K. Pierce multimedias Vietnam war veterans, their poems.
■			JOSEPH PAPP, Festival's great leader
■			Detroit gets premiere of Prideaux's THE LAST OF MRS. LINCOLN, Oct. 14. New York sees Mrs. A. L.'s traumatic later years on Nov. 26.
■			JULIE HARRIS, Mrs. L. What Victoria Regina did for H. Hayes, this will do for J. Harris
■			DUDE rocks, jazzes, country musics us into the simple life. Hair did it for the '60's. Dude sounds for the '70's?
■			By Hair's RAGNI, Mac-DERMOT
■			Lorca's blackblood YERMA comes from Madrid to Brooklyn Academy of Music before possible U.S. tour. Play and actress Nuria Espert devastated Europeans.
■			Spain's brilliant director, VICTOR GARCIA
■			Circle in the Square—Broadway zooms into new skyscraper theater, Oct. 31: MOURNING BECOMES ELECTRA, Michael Schultz directing Janice Rule, Colleen Dewhurst. Later: Chekhov's UNCLE VANYA, Mike Nichols directing George C. Scott.
■			O'NEILL, CHEKHOV, MIKE NICHOLS, GEORGE C. SCOTT
	■		PIPPIN was Charlemagne's son: now Pippin's a big, japey, Broadway musical—music, lyrics by Godspell's Stephen Schwartz; sets, Tony Walton.
	■		Director, BOB FOSSE—he did Cabaret flick
	■		London roared at Simon Gray's BUTLEY. It should be subtitled: There's a Boy in My Brown-Gravy Soup.
	■		ALAN BATES is Butley
	■		What have Barbara Harris, Hal Holbrook, Barry Primus, designer Boris Aronson in common? THE CREATION OF THE WORLD AND OTHER BUSINESS. Harold Clurman directs this "catastrophic comedy."
	■		ARTHUR MILLER wrote Creation
	■		VIA GALACTICA, possibly the first astral musical, definitely the opener for Broadway's new, plush plush theater, the Uris, Nov. 21. Star: Raul Julia. Tip: go early, see Uris Theatre's Hall of Fame.
	■		London's PETER HALL directs; score by Dude's Mac-DERMOT

THEATER			
SCORE			PROMISES
★	▲	■	CLUE
■			Harold Prince's staging O'Neill's THE GREAT GOD BROWN for the New Phoenix Repertory Company, to play in tandem with Molière's Don Juan. Tour before December Broadway opening.
■			O'NEILL plus HAROLD PRINCE
■			THE SUNSHINE BOYS: a vaude team tries a comeback. So what's to stop Jack Albertson, Sam Levene, directed by Alan Arkin?
■			NEIL SIMON's new funny
■			Title: FINISHING TOUCHES. Locale: an Eastern university. Involved: eight laugh-bewildered people.
■			Daisy-eater JEAN KERR wrote it
■			They've gone and made a musical, sugar-plummed, sour-balled with worldly waltzes, out of Ingmar Bergman's SMILES OF A SUMMER NIGHT (will have new title). Fascinating because of who's done it.
■			The who: H. PRINCE, S. SONDHEIM, H. WHEELER, B. ARONSON
■			Los Angeles's Ahmanson Theatre gets the Peter Brook-William Shakespeare A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM, Jan. 23, for six weeks. Then tours U.S.A. This is a theatrical miracle.
■			SHAKE-SPEARE-BROOK

ART			
Special tip: almost all of these shows will travel the major-museums route.			
SCORE			PROMISES
★	▲	■	CLUE
■			National Gallery of Art, Washington, D.C.: OLD MASTER DRAWINGS FROM CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD, England: 118 stellars never before seen locally start eight-month journey, Sept. 16.
■			Constellation of O.M.D.'s: LEONARDO, MICHEL-ANGELO, et cetera
■			Also at National Gallery of Art, Washington, D.C., on Mar. 3: THE NATIVE ARTS OF ALASKA, 150 works, three centuries' worth. Walker Art Center and the Minneapolis Institute of Arts, Oct. 8 to Dec. 10: AMERICAN INDIAN ART: FORM AND TRADITION, everything from carvings to basketry to dress.
■			ESKIMO, INDIAN, soaring for collectors... carved bone, baskets, blankets, rugs
■			Baltimore Museum of Art: From Oct. 24 to Dec. 5, KURT SCHWITTERS, a comprehensive which started in New York's Museum of Modern Art. Earliest 1918 collages to photos of his sculptures Merzbau and Merzbarn, tapes of his poetry.
■			SCHWITTERS (1887-1948)

on season '72-'73

BY LEO LERMAN

ART

SCORE			PROMISES	CLUE
★	▲	■		
			America gets first full look at Germany's WILHELM LEHMBRUCK, now en route to Boston's Museum of Fine Arts for Feb. 2 opening.	LEHM-BRUCK (1881-1919): <i>his attenuated, haunted sculptures</i>
			New York's Museum of Modern Art, Oct. 3: AFRICAN TEXTILES AND DECORATIVE ARTS, 350 examples—hairstyles, body paint, useful objects, ornaments. West Coast sees next spring.	<i>The cozy AFRICAN arts</i>
			The Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, New York: JOAN MIRÓ: MAGNETIC FIELDS, from Oct. 27 to Jan., paintings—his '20's "dream landscapes," his '60's "color-field paintings." Starting Dec. 8, EVA HESSE, about forty-five of her fiber-glass, rope, latex, rubber beauties, plus drawings (1965-1970). From Berkeley, California, America's first museum show of the Swiss precursor of Expressionism, Art Nouveau-ish master FERDINAND HODLER (1853-1918). About one hundred examples. Part of the cresting Symbolist revival. Feb. 2 to April 8. Come spring: JEAN DUBUFFET, a tremendous retrospective, including symposium, documentary films.	<i>Vintage MIRÓ; EVA HESSE sculptures; a HODLER first; definitive DUBUFFET at last</i>
			Whitney Museum of American Art, New York: LUCAS SAMARAS—RETROSPECTIVE. Hundreds of items: designs to environments; massed pins to looking-glass rooms, Nov. 18 to Jan. 7. Will not travel.	<i>Years of SAMARAS glitter</i>
			June 15, the Los Angeles County Museum of Art began its year-long show of Old Master treasures from NORTON SIMON's collections. It may travel.	<i>Magnificent OLD MASTERS in Los Angeles</i>

MOVIES

SCORE			PROMISES	CLUE
★	▲	■		
			TENTH ANNUAL NEW YORK FILM FESTIVAL, Alice Tully Hall, New York, starts the blockbuster flick season, Sept. 29 to Oct. 14.	<i>PREVIEW bonanza in New York</i>
			YOUNG WINSTON: Foreman, Attenborough monitor this "intimate epic" of the earlier Churchill years.	<i>SIMON WARD, ANNE BANCROFT, ROBERT SHAW</i>

MOVIES

SCORE			PROMISES	CLUE
★	▲	■		
			Dylan Thomas's poem-play UNDER MILK WOOD, lovingly star-thronged.	BURTON, TAYLOR, O'TOOLE
			FELLINI'S ROMA is the Roma of his life, fantasies. Very elaborate.	MASTROI-ANNI, MAGNANI; FELLINI acts
			Two by Truffaut: TWO ENGLISH GIRLS and SUCH A GORGEOUS KID LIKE ME. Even his disasters are fascinators, make movie evolution.	TRUFFAUT
			George C. Scott directed, acts RAGE. It is probably the most devastating movie of the year. Bitter concern: how we are manipulated by some scientists.	GEORGE C. SCOTT
			THE POSEIDON ADVENTURE could be this season's Airport. Some Academy Award winners try to survive on a capsized cruise liner, played by that old S.S. "Queen Mary."	SHELLEY WINTERS, a two-time Academy Awardee plus four other stars
			ALICE'S ADVENTURES IN WONDERLAND, a Christmas pres from England, in which Sir Ralph Richardson sits atop a ten-foot toadstool.	FIONA FULLER-TON's Alice: she was Nicholas and Alexandra's Anastasia
			MAN OF LA MANCHA, on screen at last, gotten together there by Arthur Hiller who did same to Love Story.	O'TOOLE, LOREN, JAMES COCO
			Billy Wilder's all louchy-hilarious again in AVANTI.	LEMMON stars
			Now we'll see what happens when Bertolucci (The Conformist), Brando (The Godfather) fuse in LAST TANGO IN PARIS—a bizarre love kills film.	BRANDO, BERTO-LUCCI; new star MARIA SCHNEIDER
			The movie SLEUTH's produced by Broadway's Morty Gottlieb, directed by Hollywood's Joe Mankiewicz, acted by Britain's Olivier, Michael Caine.	OLIVIER, CAINE

(Continued on page 122)

VOGUEFOOD

BE A SKINNY GOURMET: COOK THIN

BY MAXIME McKENDRY

The secret of looking thin while eating well is in the mind of the cook: balance the menu's calorie count along with the flavors and textures. No need for food that's not fattening to be baby-boring nor to taste like what the doctor ordered. One helpful ingredient in cooking low-calorie meals is low-calorie "imitation margarine" (not really an example of tautology), made by Fleischmann and sold in little tubs in supermarkets. Cook it very gently to keep it from separating.

SKINNY MENU

Recipes are on this page

Japanese openers:

Tai-no oshi, Hanayasai

Boiled duck
Mushroom salad

Verde verde
Compote of melon

TAI-NO OSHI, six servings

12 ounces sea-bream fillets
1 cup salt, 1-2 lemons (or limes)

Marinade

1 cup vinegar, 3 tablespoons sugar
1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon soy sauce

Rub fish with salt; refrigerate 2 hours. Mix marinade; wash fish; marinate 30 minutes. Remove skin and cut in ¼-inch slices. Cut lemons into very thin slices; halve the slices. Sandwich each fish slice between two crescents of lemon; fasten with a toothpick. Place on platter with cut edges of lemon slices down, curved rind sides up.

HANAYASAI, six servings

Boil a small cauliflower 10 minutes in 5 cups water with 2 teaspoons each of salt and vinegar. Drain and cool; break into florets.

Sauce: Mix 3 tablespoons diet mayonnaise with 3 tablespoons yogurt; season with vinegar, lemon juice, pepper, and salt. Serve over florets.

BOILED DUCK, six servings

4 to 4½-pound duck, dressed; 1 cup salt
1 tablespoon each dried sage and mint
4 medium onions, peeled and halved
Peppercorns

Rub duck with salt, refrigerate 24 hours. Wash; soak in cold water 30 minutes; drain. Tie duck

with herbs in a piece of cloth. Bring to a boil in unsalted water with onions and a few peppercorns. Simmer, covered, until duck is tender. Drain duck; remove skin. Dry skin; cut in strips; grill until crisp for garnish.

Gravy: Reduce stock to 2 cups; cool a little and skim all fat from surface. Remove peppercorns and put stock and onions in blender; puree.

VERDE VERDE

Equal quantities frozen French-cut green beans and baby peas, defrosted and sautéed briefly with a little imitation margarine. Season with salt, pepper, chopped parsley, chopped chervil.

MUSHROOM SALAD, six servings

1 pound mushrooms, washed and sliced thin
4 tablespoons imitation margarine
Juice 2 lemons, salt and pepper

Dressing

2 tablespoons vinegar
6 tablespoons salad oil
1 tablespoon tomato juice

Cook mushrooms with margarine and lemon juice, salt and pepper, shaking the pan for 5 to 6 minutes. Drain and cool. Mix dressing, add to mushrooms.

COMPOTE OF MELON, six servings

Cut a large ripe melon in six wedges; remove seeds and peel each slice. Bring to a boil in 2 cups water with juice of 2 lemons, 5 ounces ginger preserves, a few drops vanilla extract. Simmer, covered, until tender—about 10 minutes. Remove melon to serving dish; reduce liquid by half; cool and chill both. Serve syrup with melon slices.

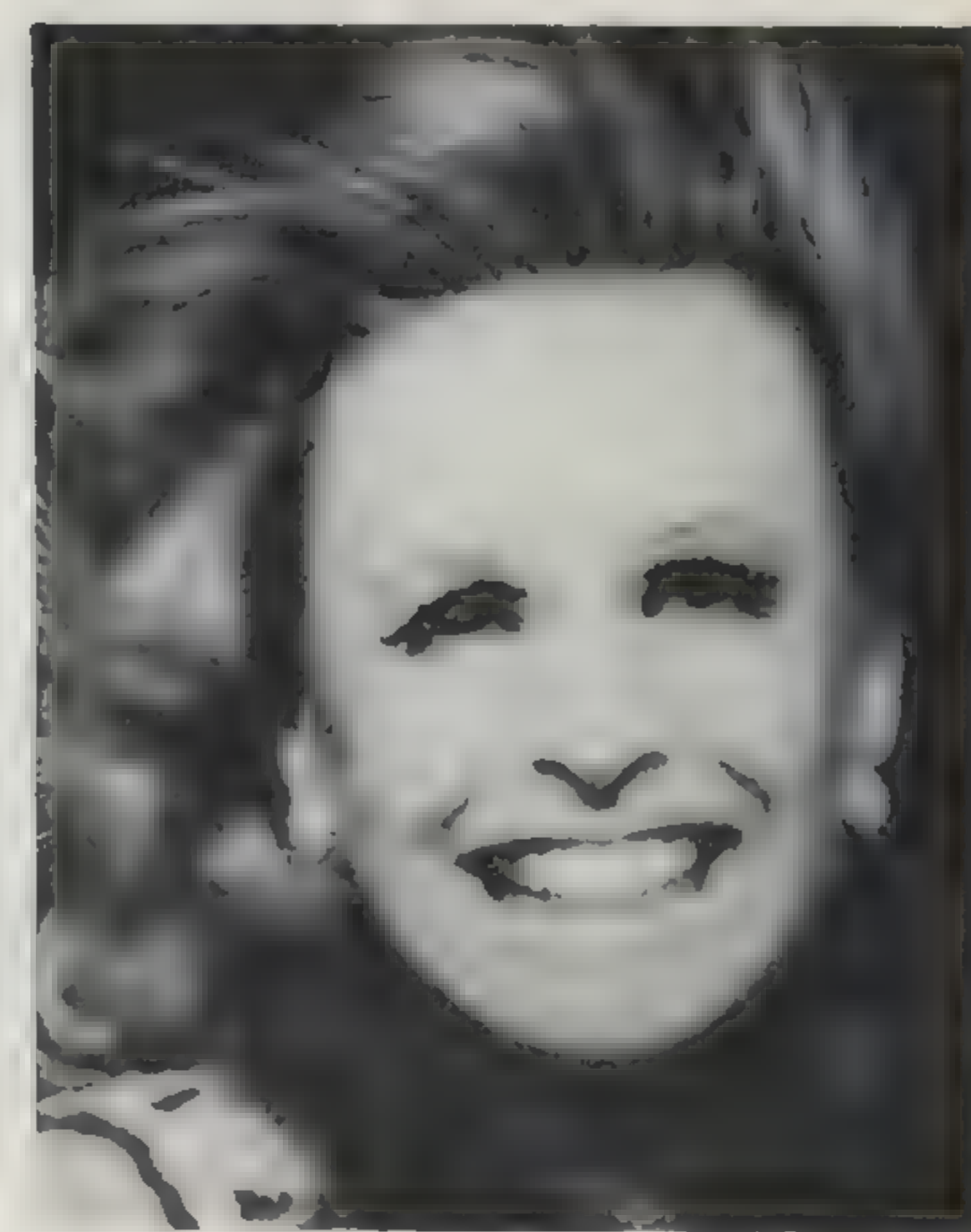
WINE-WORKS

In Japan, chilled rice wine is drunk from small wooden cups, their rims dipped in salt. Good with our openers, or try these alternatives:

With the Japanese appetizers: Anjou Blanc Savenières; Muscadet Sur-Lie Château de Briace; California Riesling from Sonoma Vineyards.

With the duck: French Fitou, a light red wine from the Pyrénées region on the border of Spain; California Gamay from Sonoma Vineyards.

As Suzy Knickerbocker,
Aileen Mehle reports the gossip cream—
here, whips her own.



BERT STERN

WHEN YOU WEAKEN

SUZY'S CHESTNUT CREAM PIE:
"INSTANT HIPS"

Line a shallow pie tin with flaky pastry and bake the pastry in a very hot oven (450°) until it is a beautiful golden brown. It shouldn't take more than 12 or 15 minutes. Let the shell cool.

Beat 2 egg whites with ¼ teaspoon vinegar and a pinch of salt until they hold a soft shape. Gradually beat in ½ cup sugar and beat the meringue with all your might until it shines in the dark and holds peaks as precise as Mlle. Bardot's. Oil a baking sheet, cover it with wax paper, oil the paper and dust it with flour. With a teaspoon shape mounds of the meringue on the prepared baking sheet. Bake the meringues in a very slow oven (250°) for 30 minutes or until they are dry—but still white. Cool the meringues on a wire rack.

Whip 1½ cups heavy cream with 1 tablespoon sugar and ½ teaspoon vanilla until it holds a definite shape (which you won't do after you eat this pie). Spoon two-thirds of the cream into the pastry shell. Work 1 cup cooked chestnuts through a sieve or ricer into a lovely mound in the center of the cream.

Place meringues around the edge of the cream about 1 inch apart—reserving any remaining meringues for another purpose, like maybe sleeping with them under your pillow. Put the remaining cream in a pastry bag with a decorating tube; pipe large rosettes between meringues. And if you want to be a pig about the whole thing, you can drizzle honey over the rosettes.

BUT YOU KNEW THAT



after midnight, with a half-hour of exercises. While George eats his traditional bowl of bedtime cereal, she goes through stacks of reading material. She may be the best-versed candidate's wife since Eleanor Roosevelt.

The columnist Clayton Fritchey wrote in the *Washington Post*: "Like her famed predecessor the new Eleanor has a mind of her own, and she is not afraid to speak it without checking every word in advance with her husband or his lieutenants."

Her first campaign blooper: "I was in a courthouse in New Hampshire and someone asked me if I could recognize an oil painting on the wall. I said it was William McKinley. It turned out to be Daniel Webster. Soon after, the *Manchester Union Leader* ran a big front-page editorial saying, 'If Mrs. McGovern is so ignorant she doesn't even know Daniel Webster, her husband can peddle his wares elsewhere.' I looked up pictures of both men. The pose was the same. They both had heavy eyebrows. I guess that's why I was confused."

In spite of her success as a campaigner, Mrs. McGovern thinks she could do better. Her twin sister, Mrs. Ila Pennington, said: "Eleanor sets such high standards for herself. When complimented she'll say, 'I haven't really done all that well.'"

But—"I am finding out that I am very calm and cool," Mrs. McGovern said. Even her husband is amazed. "I had never properly evaluated her talent and intelligence and her political shrewdness. Her greatest asset as a campaigner is her ability to move audiences to accept me." Whereupon his wife exclaimed: "Oh, no, George, *really!*"

Chaos in the hotel lobby, as newsmen and campaign staff rush to buses and cars for the next rally. At the center of the hubbub stands Eleanor McGovern. Her press secretary, Mary Hoyt, whispers: "You'll miss your ride." Looking at the deserted swimming pool outside, Mrs. McGovern says: "I wouldn't mind."

Earlier, Eleanor McGovern could spend the day at home with the five McGovern children and the affable Newfoundland—Atticus. She had time alone with George, reading or discussing

issues. There were occasional dinner parties of eight (not, she thinks, her finest hours: "I never found an efficient way to entertain. I always did everything myself and it seemed that when I finally had time to enjoy my guests, it was time for them to leave").

"The most difficult thing about campaigning," she said, "is being away from home . . . being able to balance my life between being a mother and the Presidential candidate's wife."

Torn between the two roles, she does both. In the big Doral Beach Hotel on the day before the Democratic Convention, she fixed brunch for the Senator, five children, two grandchildren, two sons-in-law, two sisters, and their four children. She even washed the dishes: "Nobody else would do them."

Eleanor McGovern does *everything* herself—writes speeches, washes and sets her own hair, travels with a curling iron to decurl natural curls. Unpacking clothes at the New York photographic studio of Richard Avedon, she said: "I hope this blouse isn't wrinkled. I pressed it this morning before I left."

If those present were flabbergasted that the candidate's wife ironed at eight in the morning, the photographer was more impressed with her curiosity: "Why do you use two cameras? What's this umbrella for? Where is the power for the strobe light?" Avedon said: "Nobody ever asks those questions. I think she learned as much about photography in the time she was here as anybody could."

To be constantly on call to the public is, for Mrs. McGovern, not easy. "The greatest change for me," she said, "is that now my life is just a little bit out of my control. And I don't know if I like it. It's always been in my command."

A farmer's daughter, Eleanor Stegeberg McGovern has run her own life since she was eleven, when her mother died of complications after surgery. Eleanor and her identical twin sister, Ila, cooked and cleaned for their father and four-year-old sister, milked cows, fed chickens, and tended the garden on the Stegebergs' 320-acre farm eight miles

outside of Woonsocket, South Dakota (pop. 852).

"Times were tough, but we never felt we were lacking anything. We worked hard, but then, we always assumed one did. I have found it difficult to understand this generation's indifference to the work ethic."

One thing she rebelled against—being a twin. "My family encouraged us to be alike. One aunt insisted Ila and I always say 'we,' never 'I.' They gave us identical clothing. It wasn't until high school we began asserting our individuality."

Both Ila and Eleanor now believe their constant companionship was responsible for their reserve and shyness. "There was never any need," Ila Pennington said, "to go out and make friends. We had each other."

One friend the sisters, Woonsocket's top polemicists, did make was a debater from nearby Mitchell High School. "I knew George McGovern only as the opposition," Mrs. McGovern said. "We beat him once in three years." (McGovern complained that the girls won because they flirted with the judge.)

In spite of her independence and firmness, qualities of today's liberated woman, Eleanor McGovern disagrees with much of what Women's Lib preaches. "I think the basic issue should be to let a woman be the woman she wants to be. I have been extremely happy to be a wife and mother."

That's why, Mrs. McGovern said, her marriage has worked, when so many political marriages have failed. "For a husband and wife to succeed in political life," she said, "the wife must be as interested as her husband is in his work."

Years ago, although appalled at the idea of becoming a minister's wife, she encouraged McGovern through theological seminary. Later she spent hours hunched over a typewriter copying his Master's thesis and Doctoral dissertation. And when her husband jumped into politics, she took over full responsibility for raising their children.

"I thought I was doing the right thing by keeping him free. But I learned a mother can't be both parents. He wasn't aware,

nor was I, of the great necessity for the father to be there. Now I would do things differently. I know there are times when the children resent their father's having been away so much."

It's a rare Saturday at home. George is there. So are the five McGovern children: pretty, auburn-haired Ann (Mrs. Wilbur) Mead, twenty-seven, and her two children; brunette Susan Rowen with her baby; blondish Theresa, twenty-three; Steven, dark, with mustache and collar-length hair; and curly-headed Mary; plus the two sons-in-law. It's pandemonium. Two-year-old Timmy Mead's diapers need changing; he couldn't care less. "You'll be more comfortable," says his mother. "So will we," says Mrs. McGovern.

Eleanor McGovern still worries about the children. "I guess the only thing I can do now is keep the channels of communication open. I was handicapped as a mother by not growing up with a mother myself. I had no idea how to relate to my children as teen-agers. I was always inclined to be strict. This is where George has been so great. He is often far more effective than I am, because of his relaxed ways. I have always tried to help them understand themselves and to show them they are loved. That's most important of all."

Ann Mead said: "I always felt I could confide in her if I wanted to. She always let us know that we were the most important thing in her life."

Susan Rowen: "She was very protective of us, which usually translated into strictness. She was a stickler for our being on time. And we were always expected to help with the housework."

Does Eleanor McGovern ever regret not pursuing an ambition of her own? She said, "My contribution is helping to fulfill my husband and children, and that's been enough for me. So I guess indirectly I have always done what I wanted to. You could call that an enlightened kind of selfishness." ▼

EDITOR'S NOTE: Diane Shah, twenty-seven years old and a reporter for the *National Observer*, lived Mrs. McGovern's schedule while she wrote this article.

YOUR VOICE TELLS THE STORY

*Speech
problems probed...
clues
to correcting them*

BY DOROTHY URIS

American women are on the move—headed where the action is. At both national conventions, their motives were high and their participation spectacular. Yes, women are speaking up, but are they speaking up well?

With their accelerating status in business, professional, and political affairs, good speaking has become a bread and butter matter. The lack of speaking skills can create a shambles when played out on a public platform or over national TV.

In the past an aura of "elocution lessons" clung to efforts at voice improvement, but this finishing school approach is finished. Need has dictated change and demands that women of many diverse backgrounds learn to speak with articulate ease and voices of engaging quality. In the range of roles they aim to play, each is a speaking part with few walk-ons available.

As the spotlight zeroes in on American women, these urgent questions intrude: Does our dialogue create more static than communication? do we mutter and mumble? twang and drawl? sound flat, monotonous, harsh?

Why does the voice so often fail to keep pace with the woman of 1972? . . . Although there are many attractive voices everywhere, and no section of the country has a monopoly on good or bad speech, much too often voice and words lag behind women's pressing aspirations and proven accomplishments. Feminine emotional hang-ups from the past exert a strong backward pull. Traditions have toppled, sexual and social taboos have come unstuck; but ingrained speech patterns tend to remain rooted in personality and inadequate speaking voices reveal the grip of past time.

Does this imply that men per se speak well? Obviously not, but since they have been for years more inured to the rigors of the public scene, their tones do not carry the psychological load that women's do. Listening in depth to a diversity of shackled female voices uncovers some instantly recognizable types:

The house-bound voice of isolation: listless and exhausted with a trailing, breathy tune, uncertain of where to settle; cut off from the mainstream; exhausted from lack of adult conversation; children's chatter as a steady diet and all the small repetitive tasks. Boggled down, passive.

A refusal of maturity: "when I was a child, I spoke as a child . . . when I became a man [woman], I put away childish things"—this voice was not put away as the Bible advises, and as the girl-child grew the voice did not; whispery baby-talk tones, somewhat like the sound track of a plastic doll; persisting into middle age, these childish accents become caricature.

Inaudible "lady-like" intonation accompanied

by nervous little gulps of air; listeners respectfully strain to catch hushed syllables, harking back to the speaker's children-should-be-seen-and-not-heard-upbringing; feelings of insecurity masked by genteel speech mannerisms . . . does being treated like a lady mean being ignored as a woman?

Shrill, over-compensating tones born of frustration, short on self-esteem, given to verbal aggression; pitch mounting, self-intoxication with own performance; strong men pale at the discordant, strident notes (women never win their battles in this voice).

Flat, nasal sound of low ego-strength and the monotonous rhythm of endless talk in a voice prematurely aged; aimless chatter serving as an escape valve for repression (foot-tapping and finger-drumming would be less destructive); on and on goes the prattle with the current going only one way.

The sultry, smoky voice: synonymous with sex, a façade for impoverished self-expression calculated to quicken the male pulse beat; a fashionable cliché that works mischief on the vocal cords when words are forced into throatiness and pitches pressured downward; this victim of chronic laryngitis also suffers from illusion—the man-on-target will probably respond instead to the clear, bell-like mate-call of the girl next door.

The "going public" syndrome personified by the new surge of politicking by involved women from Maine to California. Shifting suddenly from private to public speaking, their high-keyed enthusiasm turns coarse or shrill; bottled up for too long, they open up the throttle and let go; despite splendid goals, such voices turn people off; activists must learn the lesson of modulation and that speaking is an art of persuasion.

The human voice, by revealing something of the inner structure of thwarted emotions, tells a story beyond the power of words to communicate. But how can one overcome habit patterns deeply embedded in the fertile soil of personal history? How can we resolve the psychological conflict between addiction to one's own tones and a need that cries for change? Actually, now that female egos are stirring, we have plenty of motivation to do battle with entrenched speech behavior, to liberate our voices.

How comforting if all one had to do were to tread the path to the analyst's couch or the less expensive chair of group therapy. We could then just "talk out" our talking problems and emerge cured of regressive lisps, teeth-on-edge tones, high pressured voice production, one-level inflection and the like. Although psyches may improve, speech patterns usually remain the same.

Speaking is primarily a muscular activity.

The body's speech mechanism has to learn new physical coordinations and unlearn old ones. Only extremely neurotic individuals find such change intolerable. No easy six-lessons job, upgrading the speaking process vitalizes the personality that strikes the ear.

The American woman suffers from certain common varieties of speech problems and is, for the most part, unaware of them.

Problem Number One is this very lack of awareness—even when it causes a lag in achievement. When criticized, the irritating rasper alibis, "Oh, it's that chest cough"; the nasal whiner, "It's my allergy"; the perpetual mumblor, "I'm just tired today"; and the most popular cover-up of all—"Well, it's the voice I was born with!"

Defenses begin to crumble as more women set examples of pleasing and expressive speech. There are many such models to listen for on television and radio—national TV reporters, interviewers, the "talk show" women now risen, happily, above the recipe level. Others who can make good listening include lecturers, executives, candidates, wives of candidates, and other prominent figures, and those working actresses whose pleasant American delivery raises the quality of many TV "soaps."

Problem Number Two: Visitors from overseas seem to pick this one up immediately with such comments as "but you women all sound so nasal!" This national nasal blight has local features from New England's twang to the West's heavier, drawn-out variant of *Amurricun* nosiness. Can these ailing sounds be rerouted through the mouth instead? Of course—but it takes some doing.

Problem Number Three: Hardness, harshness, hoarseness—we lump these terms together to describe a hypertense vocal malfunction. Men most frequently produce this guttural growl, but now women, too, confuse forceful personality with vocal force. Throats tighten and veins on the neck stand out.

Problem Number Four: Communication Breakdown. The erratic melodies of daily talk transmit the underlying tensions of today's scene. Big-city jerky rhythms agitate the sound waves that conduct the traffic of spoken language. This speeded-up staccato, with arbitrary stops added to slovenly articulation, cuts down the oral message essential to real person-to-person communication.

Another drag on clarity is the violation of English stress patterns (and sense) by over-emphasizing small words (*the, at, and, etc.*) and slurring over important ones that carry the meaning. Imposing another burden on the listener, the All-American Drop at the end of phrases usually manages to sink the last, often indispensable word. This coast-to-coast habit of

fade-out could prompt an exchange chanted like this:

She: Sorry to be late for the interview. My name is Mary Ann

S

m

i

t

h (fade out)

He: Would you spell that? (She does)

He: Oh, SMITH! (P.S. She didn't get the job!)

"WethepeopleoftheUnitedStatesinordertoformamoreperfectunion" . . . while the eye views these opening words to the Constitution as strange and incomprehensible, the ear would hear it as familiar.

For our language to be communicative and persuasive we must link words into cohesive groupings and use pauses with purpose. Since the listener best discerns our meaning, not in disjointed sounds and illogical breaks but in smooth sequences, women should learn to send their messages to the receiver in the manner most readily understood.

Problem Number Five: "Louder Please!" The all too common thin voice-line, inaudible at ten paces, reveals the weak underdeveloped muscle support essential to adequate projection. The time has gone when a super-soft voice worked just fine for the envelope-licking and coffee-making of the Ladies Auxiliary.

To be heard and understood are two sides of the same coin, the simple basic goals of spoken exchange. An attractive voice cannot be superimposed; basically it comes from the will to free locked-in tones along with psychological restraints. When this sound barrier finally falls, we discover a fulfilling experience—the release at last of good speaking tones.

A wise woman, now a retired professor of speech, first taught me that one should not have Sunday speech and Monday speech but that *all speaking is public*. (Remember, what goes into a mike comes out the same—only more so.) Women will never hold their own until we can speak with the superior skill that adds to our special talents in civic and business affairs, cutting across verbiage to the nub of questions and reinforcing the innate gift for fruitful interpersonal relationships.

Granted an awareness of *why*, what is the way to go about learning *how* to proceed? Here are some suggested home remedies that might be tried before seeking professional help.

Begin by listening; develop a cozy companionship with a cassette. Take it everywhere, even in the car. Place it near the telephone to record your conversation. After the shock wears off, listening will become more objective.

Make reading aloud a routine, reading anything

that moves you to open up (there can be no expression without impression). *Stand up*, enjoy your freewheeling performance, but remember not to push your voice.

Release the tenseness in face, neck, and shoulders, using any of many well-known relaxation methods. Removal of strictures in these areas directly benefits the release of tone. As you practice, *keep yawning*—a classic exercise and antidote for tight-throatedness. Breathe quietly, keeping shoulders and neck uninvolved.

Try the lively "sing and say" drill. Sing a line of poetry, even if you're only a bathtub warbler. Anyone can chant. Then speak the line, and so back and forth. Some of the resonance and smooth phrasing of the sung line will spill over into your speech if you keep at it.

Try the match trick. Hold a kitchen match lightly but firmly between the teeth, front and center. Now try to speak normally, as if the match weren't there at all, focusing your tone forward toward its tip. As you practice, you will be rewarded by a disciplined, non-wagging jaw and a continued forward impulse of tone.

If none of this self-help works, don't be surprised or discouraged. Speech habits are especially tenacious; a coordination once faultily established in childhood will cling and cling. If necessary, look for professional guidance to direct your daily practice and step up improvement.

Even if we wanted to, we couldn't—and shouldn't—all pronounce alike. Regionalisms infuse color and vitality into our speech ways. What then is good American speech?

It is a means of national communication, free of *conspicuous* localisms or affectations, readily understandable, and always consistent with good voice-tone. American-English, alive and well in the United States, long ago came of age internationally as a written and spoken language. Its intrinsic sounds are as beautiful and effective as any English anywhere. Regardless of a woman's job, station, education, working at home or out of it, a good speaking voice is not a gift; it is an achievement. ▼

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Dorothy Uris, whose manner is flashed with wit and as warming as a jolt of Jack Daniels, is a speech teacher and therapist who has upgraded the voices of a wide variety of people whose lives demand improved speech, as well as actors, and singers for several opera companies including the Met. Formerly Dorothy Tree, a professional actress—"I left her in California, darlin'"—she is the author of several books, most recently To Sing in English. In the works now is her handbook for women embarking on the speaking way—everything from how to keep a committee in hand to public lecturing, all in good voice.*

We're hunchy on promises, winners in theater, art, movies, music. Score us out: ★ = winners, ▲ = maybes, ■ = disasters

MOVIES				
SCORE			PROMISES	CLUE
★	▲	■		
			Elaine May malevolently mashes a honey-moon in THE HEARTBREAK KID.	ELAINE MAY directs
			Carol Burnett, Walter Matthau, directed by Martin Ritt: PETE 'N' TILLIE. Marie Dressler and Wallace Beery again?	BURNETT, MATTHAU, plus GERALDINE PAGE
			Cannes Film Fest jumped for joy over what director Peter Medak did to Peter Barnes's black howl, THE RULING CLASS. Chockablock with antic players.	O'TOOLE again and again
			Actor Paul Newman directs wife Joanne Woodward in Paul Zindel's prize-y THE EFFECT OF GAMMA RAYS ON MAN-IN-THE-MOON MARIGOLDS.	NEWMAN, WOODWARD, Off-Broadway's NELL POTTS
			1776 was a surprise Broadway musical smash. Hollywood's made it, painstakingly loyal to its original components; mastermind, Jack L. Warner.	KEN HOWARD, BLYTHE DANNER
			Graham Greene's TRAVELS WITH MY AUNT is George Cukor tackling that demon actress Maggie Smith who aunts Alec McCowen. Flamboyant.	CUKOR, MAGGIE SMITH, McCOWEN
			The new Pasolini: THE CANTERBURY TALES. It's the second fold of the triptych he began with Decameron.	PASOLINI
			Probably most elaborate of Visconti's recreations: LUDWIG. The fantastical carryings-on of the mad Municher who was mad for Wagner, castles, privacy.	HELMUT BERGER is Ludwig, ROMY SCHNEIDER, Elizabeth of Austria
			Ken Russell says his SAVAGE MESSIAH is "my least glamorous film." Saga of artist in each of us, seen through pre-World War I sculptor Gaudier-Brzeska, his older-woman pash.	Newcomer SCOTT ANTHONY; DOROTHY TUTIN
			Franco Zeffirelli's BROTHER SUN, SISTER MOON is his large view of St. Francis's inner/outer life.	ZEFFIRELLI
			It's to be a typically Ross Hunter Easter, which is when to expect his star-drenched film of LOST HORIZON. You name them: they're in it.	ROSS HUNTER
			Sleeper? Almost six hours of movie from Sweden: EMIGRANTS: THE SETTLERS. Beautiful.	LIV ULLMANN, MAX VON SYDOW

MUSIC				
SCORE			PROMISES	CLUE
★	▲	■		
			Big tip: JAZZ is razzmatazzing in all over the place. Current old-high-times synco-pated send-off: MONTEREY JAZZ FESTIVAL, California, Sept. 15 weekend. Hottest cool night: Saturday—Mary Lou Williams time.	MARY LOU WILLIAMS
			OPERA's going grander, grander at the NEW YORK CITY OPERA, now coruscating in its New York State Theater. Sept. 15, other dates: a lavishly set, voiced Don Giovanni, sung in Italian/English—depends on performance. Gorgeous expectation; the Sills singing all of Offenbach's Les Contes d'Hoffmann's heroines. First time: Oct. 4.	BEVERLY SILLS, director-conductor JULIUS RUDEL, MOZART, OFFENBACH
			SAN FRANCISCO OPERA gets a total Wagner Ring. Season starts Sept. 15: Bellini's Norma sung the rock-crystal-chandelier way by Joan Sutherland. Unique premiere: Gottfried von Einem's The Visit of the Old Lady. Lynn Fontanne, Ingrid Bergman Visit(ed) first; now Regina Resnik's doing the dirty. The Godfather's Coppola stages. Also! Covent Garden's newest superba, Kiri Te Kanawa débuts in Le Nozze di Figaro.	SUTHERLAND, BELLINI, RESNIK, VON EINEM, FRANCIS FORD COPPOLA, KIRI TE KANAWA, MOZART, a galaxy of perfect WAGNER chirrupers, SILLS—her Lucia
			Sept. 19 will be a heartsore tribute to the late Goeran Gentele. That's when the METROPOLITAN OPERA gala opens with his as-planned Carmen, Bernstein batonning, with Marilyn Horne pursued/abandoned by James McCracken, Tom Krause. Dec. 27, holiday season treat: Tchaikovsky's Pique Dame. Nicolai Gedda seeks the old harridan's gambling secret. An all-Russian-sung production.	BERNSTEIN, MARILYN HORNE, FIRSTS. Tip: watch Met's conductor-arbiter LEVINE
			LYRIC OPERA OF CHICAGO gives the Hub its first-ever hear-see of Verdi's I Due Foscari, Sept. 22, opening night. Another first for Chicago: marvelous Welsh Margaret Price in Così fan tutte.	Early VERDI; MARGARET PRICE
			DALLAS CIVIC OPERA's guru, Lawrence Kelly, inevitably surprises the opera scene. Opens Nov. 3, pairing Pagliacci (Jon Vickers) and Purcell's Dido and Aeneas, goes on to a Rembrandt-esque Lucia debuting Holland's prize, Cristina Deutekom.	Tip: watch baritone LENUS CARLSON; Callas found him
			Sarah Caldwell's OPERA COMPANY OF BOSTON is opera-innovating, come January, with Smetana's gusty The Bartered Bride. Later: Sills, The Barber of Seville; Verdi's Don Carlo, Weill's long-awaited The Rise and Fall of the City of Mahagonny.	SARAH CALDWELL, SMETANA, SILLS, VERDI, WEILL

7. With your eyes still closed, imagine yourself with your new trim figure, doing something exciting that you have not been able to do before. (Playing tennis? Dancing in *Swan Lake*? Kissing the most exciting man you know?)

Then imagine that you are sitting before a table with the most delicious superbly cooked foods you can picture. Everything is allowed, including cheese fondue, beef stroganoff, and strawberry shortcake. In your imagination, eat all you want, including three desserts if that's what you like.

8. With your eyes still closed, imagine yourself completely satiated with the food, and push yourself away from the table.

9. Next project yourself into a different setting—a restaurant, a different dining room, or a kitchen. Now project, in your imagination, only the foods that you should eat: lean meats, salads, fruits, etc. Picture yourself eating those, and turning down seconds.

10. Open your eyes. You may feel a little drowsy. That's perfectly all right; it just indicates that you are relaxed. In a relaxed state you are much less apt to overeat than if you are tense. You will also find that you are not very hungry. Autosuggestion seems to satisfy that part of your desire to eat which arises from psychological need rather than your body's physical requirements for nutrition. According to the best medical logic, overweight people should be *less*, not *more*, hungry than slim ones. The body can maintain itself for quite a while on all those extra calories which are stored in your body as fat. In actuality, fat people tend to feel hungrier much more often than thin ones. That's because of the symbolic meaning they attach to food rather than its nutritive values.

Dr. Weinberg recommends that you perform the psychological exercise three times a day as a start. After you have been

doing it for a number of weeks, twice a day or even once a day may be enough to keep your appetite in line.

If you are in charge of cooking the family's meal, it's a good idea to do the exercise after you have finished cooking, but before you start eating. It's also helpful if you don't smell the food that's actually on your stove. Put cotton in your nostrils if necessary. Apparently the delicious aroma from *real* food can interfere with the imaginary food you must project as part of the autosuggestion process.

When you get to the table, train yourself to eat *slowly*. Dr. Weinberg has noted that almost every one of his overweight patients gulps food. Having finished the meal before everyone else is often a clear temptation to ask for seconds.

What about between-meal snacks, which often signal the downfall of any weight-loss program? Dr. Weinberg notes that heading for the refrigerator at odd times during the day or night is a substitute activity for many people. The feeling that drives the compulsive eater is usually not hunger, but something entirely different: frustration, anger, anxiety, boredom, or depression. Of course, the best way to cope with such emotions is to recognize them for what they are and to deal with them. A piece of coffee cake never solves a personal problem . . . it only adds unneeded calories. Most overweight people have used eating as a substitute activity for working out negative and painful emotions for years. This means that, in order to lose weight and keep it off, they have to retrain themselves to prevent themselves from using food as tranquilizers or anti-depressants.

If a job becomes frustrating and your immediate inclination is to find a fattening snack, try to analyze exactly what the problem is and deal with it directly; i.e., find a better way of doing the job. If that proves impossible, try some other substitute activity: a walk around the block, putting on fresh makeup, or having a refreshing bath or a warm shower. If anger and frustrations occur at home, all kinds of con-

structive substitute activities are available. Pull some weeds in the garden (an excellent way to get rid of hostilities, by the way) or write that letter to your Congressman that you've been putting off for weeks. If what you do is related to the cause of your frustration or anxiety, you'll find that your negative emotion will disappear more quickly. But even if what you do seems to have no relationship to your negative feelings, you will have broken the pattern of using food as a drug to alleviate your problems.

If everything else fails and the urge to eat becomes irresistible, pick up something that is hard to chew and will satisfy your urge to have something in your mouth. Celery or carrot sticks are better than candy . . . not only because they are lower in calories, but also because they keep you busy eating longer. Sugarless gum may be helpful. As a late-night snack, an apple eaten in small bites is a great tension reliever.

Even after you have lost all the weight you wish to lose, Dr. Weinberg suggests you continue the autosuggestion method. Pounds have a way of creeping back, and bad eating habits will probably have to be kept in check for the rest of your life.

Does Dr. Weinberg's method work? I have tried his autosuggestion system with my own particular form of food addiction: Viennese tortes and Kaffee Schlag (hot coffee with mounds of whipped cream). The first week I tried it, I projected a huge Sachertorte in my mind, and was able, when faced with the real thing, to limit myself to one tiny slice, instead of the usual two large pieces. I put one teaspoon of whipped cream in the coffee instead of the usual three. Now I can serve my favorite Austrian delicacies to friends and family while nibbling a small cookie and feeling singularly undeprived. If I can keep this up and possibly extend the system to Béarnaise Sauce and a few other super temptations, I may really lose the ten pounds I should have lost last year. Right now, I'm three pounds lighter than when I started. ▼

THE LOOK AT NIGHT

Page 78: K.J.L. earrings, choker, and pendant, at Bonwit Teller.

Page 80: Don Marshall hat. Sibley & Coffee shirt. Morris Moskowitz belt. Trousers by Bill Smith for Sequel I at Lord & Taylor. Vanity Fair tights. Shoes by David Evins at I. Miller.

Page 81: Bagatelle bag. Golo shoes.

Page 82: Adolfo turban, at Saks Fifth Avenue. K.J.L. earrings. Donald Stannard clips. Rolex watch. Trifari ring. Berkshire tights. Shoes at Charles Jourdan Salon.

Page 83: Alexis Kirk earrings and necklace, at Henri Bendel. K.J.L. bracelets. Chadbourn tights. Shoes by Christian Dior, at Charles Jourdan Salon.

Page 84: K.J.L. earrings and ring. Willie Woo pendant. Belt by Morning Sun Leather, at Henri Bendel. Belle-Sharmeer tights. Charles Jourdan shoes.

Page 85: Earrings and necklace by Kenneth Jay Lane for Marvella, at Lord & Taylor. Willie Woo bangles. Stockings at Bergdorf Goodman. Shoes by David Evins at I. Miller.

Page 86 (left): Hat by Don Anderson for Scheer Bros. K.J.L. bracelets.

Page 86 (right): A. Brod headband. K.J.L. bracelet. Aris gloves. Primavera compact. Bagatelle envelope. Van Raalte tights. Shoes, Charles Jourdan Salon.

Page 87: Willie Woo earrings. Bracelet by Diane Love for Trifari. Bagatelle bag. Hanes tights.

Page 88: Adolfo hat, at Saks Fifth Avenue. Alexis Kirk earrings. Donald Stannard bracelets.

Page 89: Hattie Carnegie earrings. Michael Moraux for Dubaux bracelets. Bagatelle envelope. Clip on bag, Donald Stannard. Viola Weinberger gloves. Danskin tights. Christian Dior shoes, Charles Jourdan Salon.

Page 91: Willie Woo bangles.

Page 92: Hat by Nina Ricci for Madcaps. Gruen watch. Gloves at Saks Fifth Avenue.

NEW TAKE ON THE SHIRTDRESS FOR DAY

Pages 102, 103: Hat by Commadore. Trifari earrings. Glentex scarf.

Page 104: Mr. Martin hat. Franck (Continued on page 124)



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SOLZHENITSYN

(Continued from page 98)

of writing, autumn, 1970, the book *August 1914* had just been completed).

I was arrested on the grounds of what the censorship had found during the years 1944-45 in my correspondence with a school friend, mainly because of certain disrespectful remarks about Stalin, although we referred to him in disguised terms. As a further basis for the "charge," there were used the drafts of stories and reflections which had been found in my map case. These, however, were not sufficient for a "prosecution"; and in July, 1945, I was "sentenced" in my absence, in accordance with a procedure then frequently applied, after a resolution by the OSO (the Special Committee of the NKVD), to eight years in a detention camp (at that time this was considered a mild sentence).

I served the first part of my sentence in several correctional work camps of mixed types (this kind of camp is described in the play *The Tenderfoot and the Tramp*). In 1946, as a mathematician, I was transferred to the group of scientific research institutes of the MVD-MGB [Ministry of Internal Affairs, Ministry of State Security]. I spent the middle period of my sentence in such "SPECIAL PRISONS" (*The First Circle*). In 1950 I was sent to the newly established Special Camps which were intended only for political prisoners. In such a camp in the town of Ekibastuz in Kazakhstan (*One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich*), I worked as a miner, a bricklayer, and a foundryman. There I contracted a tumor which was operated on, but the condition was not cured (its character was not established until later on).

One month after I had served

"During my hard and lonely existence I wrote prose in secret"

the full term of my eight-year sentence, there came, without any new judgment and even without a "resolution from the OSO," an administrative decision to the effect that I was not to be released but EXILED FOR LIFE to Kok-Terek (southern Kazakhstan). This measure was not directed specially against me but was a very unusual procedure at that time. I served this exile from March, 1953 (on March 5th, when Stalin's death was made public, I was allowed for the first time to go out without an escort), until June, 1956. Here my cancer had developed rapidly and at the end of 1953 I was very near death. I was unable to eat, I could not sleep and was severely affected by the poisons from the tumor. However, I was able to go to a cancer clinic at Tashkent, where during 1954 I was cured (*Cancer Ward, Right Hand*). During all the years of exile I taught mathematics and physics in a primary school, and during my hard and lonely existence I wrote prose in secret (in the camp I could only write down poetry from memory). I managed, however, to keep what I had written and to take it with me to the European part of the country, where in the same way I continued, as far as the outer world was concerned, to occupy myself with teaching and, in secret, to devote myself to writing, at first in the Vladimir district (*Matryona's Farm*) and afterwards in Ryazan.

During all the years until 1961 not only was I CONVINCED that I should never see a single line of mine in print in my lifetime but also I scarcely dared allow any of my close acquaintances to read anything I had written because I feared that this

would become known. Finally, when I was forty-two, this secret authorship began to wear me down. The most difficult thing of all to bear was that I could not get my works judged by people with literary training. In 1961, after the 22nd Congress of the U.S.S.R. Communist Party and Tvardovsky's speech at this, I decided to emerge and to offer *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich*.

Such an emergence seemed then to me, and not without reason, to be very risky; because it might lead to the loss of my manuscripts and to my own destruction. But on that occasion things turned out successfully, and after protracted efforts A. T. Tvardovsky was able to print my novel one year later. The printing of my work was, however, stopped almost immediately; and the authorities stopped both my plays and (in 1964) the novel *The First Circle*, which in 1965 was seized together with my papers from the past years. During these months it seemed to me that I had committed an unpardonable mistake by revealing my work prematurely and that because of this I should not be able to carry it to a conclusion.

It is almost always impossible to evaluate at the time events which you have already experienced and to understand their meaning with the guidance of their effects. All the more unpredictable and surprising to us will be the course of future events. ▼

PHOTOGRAPHIC CREDITS FOR PAGES 98-99: Russian peasants; Czar Nicholas II with Czarina Alexandra and with Czarevitch Alexis; Russian Army surrendering; Bettmann Archive. Count Leo Tolstoy; Czar Nicholas II reviewing troops; Russian casualty, World War I; Culver Pictures. Alexander Solzhenitsyn at funeral of his editor, the poet Tvardovsky, in Moscow, December, 1971: UPI.

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ACCESSORY DETAILS

(Continued from page 123)

Olivier shirt. Necklace by American Indian Arts Center. Kay Fuchs gloves. Belt by Issey Miyake for Paris Collections. Phoenix tights. Palizzio shoes.

Page 105: Hat by Nina Ricci for Madcaps. Gruen watch. Envelope, Carrano. Gloves, Saks Fifth Avenue.

Page 106: Madcaps hat, at Bergdorf Goodman. Napier earrings. Glen-tex scarf. Halston bag. Kayser gloves.

Page 107 (left): Arista hat, at Saks Fifth Avenue. Liberty of London scarf. Kayser gloves. Penn Carol tights. Palizzio shoes.

Page 107 (right): Mr. Martin hat, Altman's. Carrano envelope. Cisco scarf, Altman's. Grandoe gloves. Halston belt (belt that comes with dress, not shown). Trimfit tights.

Page 108 (left): Grandoe gloves.

Page 108 (upper right): Irving Paul for Capadors hat. Cisco scarf. Kayser gloves.

Page 108 (lower right): Hat by Jean Charles Brosseau for Bonniers. Riviera glasses. Walter Katten bag.

Page 109: Hat by Irving Paul for Capadors. Franck Olivier shirt. Baume & Mercier watch. Walter Katten bag. Grandoe gloves.

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